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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 489
EDITORIALS:
- To the Governor of Massachusetts 492
- Mr. Coolidge Defends 493
- Old-Age Pensions Coming 493
- Our Morning's Mail 494

RAMSAY MACDONALD. By Oswald Garrison Villard 495
THE COLLAPSE OF THE NEEDLE TRADES. By Benjamin Stolberg 496
BIOGRAPHY. By Jessica Nelson North 499
MODERN GIPSIES. By Lois E. Buriff Brown 500
THE STORY OF TOM TYNAN. By Celia Baldwin 501
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 502
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
- Epitaph on a First Citizen. By Gwendolen Haste 504
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 504
- The Men Nobody Knows. By Benjamin Stolberg 504
- A Brilliant Beginning. By Joseph Wood Krutch 505
- The Hindu Bible. By W. Norman Brown 506
- Strindberg the Sufferer. By Roy Temple House 508
- Books in Brief 508
- Drama: A Folk-Tragedy. By Joseph Wood Krutch 510

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- The British Anti-Strike Bill 512

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WE SINCERELY TRUST that there will be an immediate and worthy response to the appeal of the Red Cross and the President for the relief of the flood sufferers in the Mississippi Valley. There is a completeness about an inundation which is appalling; even an earthquake usually leaves the fields and plantations unaltered. To reestablish the homes that have been destroyed will be a tremendous task and, until Congress convenes, the generosity of the American public must meet the need. We trust that the rousing of public opinion will not end there. These floods can be stopped by modern engineering, but ever since 1879 the Federal Mississippi River Commission has carried out its "levees-only" theory—the theory that the only aim should be the confinement of the river between levees, although levees always break in flood times. It is charged that under this policy some 27,000 square miles of bottom lands, natural auxiliary reservoirs, have been taken from the river and nearly all the natural relief outlets have been closed, while forests have been cut from the watershed so that the run-off of water into the river has been greatly accelerated. The National Flood Commission, a civic organization, insists that beginning three hundred miles north of the mouth, controlled spillways are possible and practical and that flood levels in the delta of the Mississippi can thus be so completely controlled that no more breaks in the levees need be feared. We need immediate, independent engineering inquiry as to whether it is not time for the federal commission to reverse its position once for all.

OUT OF MEXICO comes dangerous news. Bandits attacked a train running from Guadalajara to Mexico City, and killed at least 100 persons. It was one of the most brutal and bloody of bandit outrages in the history of Mexico—and, according to testimony of some survivors, it was led by three Catholic priests. The Mexican Government asserts that the priests were acting at the instigation of the hierarchy, and has accordingly deported six archbishops and bishops. The Government says that the prelates were given a choice of trial or deportation; the deportees assert that they were ordered to leave without being granted time to pack fresh clothes. There seems to be little doubt that three priests—Fathers Vega, Pedroza, and Angulo—took part in the raid; and that the bandits shouted "Long Live Christ the King" as they robbed and killed; but no proof has yet been published of the statement, denied by the prelates, that these men acted upon order of the Catholic Episcopate. Eighty-nine-year-old Archbishop Mora y del Rio, however, faced the Minister of the Interior after the outrage and declared dramatically:

> We have aided no revolution. We have plotted no revolution, but we do claim that the Catholics of Mexico have the right to fight for their right by peaceful means first, and with their arms in an extremity.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH in Mexico, revolted by President Calles's anti-Catholic crusade, has clearly assumed an attitude of toleration if not of approval of revolutionary activity. It is not possible to believe that the church could organize such bloodshed as that on the Guadalajara train; but its sense of right and wrong seems to have been dimmed by its suffering under persecution. It is, for instance, with amazement that one reads the cool statement about these train murders made by Archbishop Ruiz y Flores in behalf of the Mexican Episcopate. "If priests participated," he said, "they did so without permission of the Episcopate"; he added:

> If it be true that the assailants of the train committed the cruelties credited to them in the official bulletin issued by General Jose Alvarez, President Calles's chief of staff, they deserve the reproach of the entire world; but in no case is the church responsible for their actions, but those who have brought about this situation, and have given and are giving an example of similar attacks.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has done well to call attention to the remarkable proposal made to the American people on April 6 by M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister. "France is willing," he said, "publicly to engage itself with the United States to put war as between the two countries outside the pale of the law." Dr. Butler declares that M. Briand could not have made such a statement without the previous knowledge and consent of the French Cabinet to this utterance. This may or may not be the case, but we emphatically agree that there should be an immediate and prompt American response to this offer, whether it be official or unofficial, inspired or made on the spur of the moment. Senator Borah should be the first to accept this challenge of M. Briand. Every advocate of the

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outlawry of war in this country should foster this proposal; it would mean removal of the possibility of war between the United States and one of its most steadfast friends in the family of nations. Incidentally, it is a complete vindication of the wisdom of the Arbitration Crusade, recently started by William Floyd, the editor of the *Arbitrator*, for he urged the making of treaties like this between the United States and all nations, not half-way arbitration treaties with ifs and buts and exceptions, but hard-and-fast agreements which would make war impossible as long as a vestige of honor survived in the governments and peoples affected.

WE TALK PEACE AT HOME, but we drift toward war in China. The State Department, apparently impressed by the unanimity of American opinion against intervention there, has acted as a mildly restraining influence upon the allied alien Powers in China, but on the spot the ever-ardent marines are always eager for excitement. Americans scaled the wall of the Soviet Legation in Peking and occupied one part of it, not content to wait until the Chinese police found the keys to the buildings they had raided; American warships join in convoying British merchant ships on the Yangtze; American marines "rescued" three Americans from the Hankow picket-police. Imagine the excitement in this country if Chinese marines should land at St. Louis and forcibly take three of their countrymen away from an American police station! The Associated Press correspondent at Shanghai has computed that American vessels in China inland waters have been fired at 26 times within six weeks; and 15 times the American ships returned fire. It is now the official policy to engage in battle when fired upon. It sounds like bravery—but isn't it about the kind of bravery displayed by a young man who boldly demolishes a hornet's nest with his fist? Incidentally, we now have one warship at Hankow for every seven Americans remaining there, and we shall soon have thirty Americans in unform defending each precious civilian life. It sounds expensive. If the Americans are not wanted in Hankow why don't they get out?

ALWAYS, IN TIME OF CRISIS, the foreigners in China look to a "strong man" for salvation. And always the strong man turns out to be stuffed with straw. It was so after the Taiping rebellion a half century ago, when the foreigners helped restore the tottering Manchu power; it was so in 1911, when they lent Yuan Shih-kai millions to crush the democratic South; it has been so successively with Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu and Sun Chuang-fong, and now with Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang is of different stuff, indeed, from the bandit generals against whom he has fought; but he has broken with the civilian government to which he owed allegiance and is seeking to establish a new government which will be as directly dependent upon him as recent governments in Peking have been upon Chang Tso-lin. Upon the labor unions which had been his civilian allies he has turned with a ruthlessness which none of his rivals has ever surpassed. Two hundred union leaders have been slain by Chiang's men at Shanghai, and their organizations suppressed; and similar tactics have been followed by his allies in Canton and at Nanking. This is something else than "crushing communism," and it is a poor record with which to proclaim oneself heir to the democratic nationalism of Sun Yat-sen. Foreign aid and sympathy may help Chiang to victory today, and tired Chinese business men may conclude that the time has come for compromise with the Powers behind the warships, but the popular forces which carried Chiang to victory will finally submerge him if he continues to tread the worn path of military dictatorship.

VOLCANIC JAPAN is likely for a time to be a land of economic and political earthquakes as well. So thoroughly has she asserted her right to a position among the great Powers of the modern world that we easily forget how sudden has been her leap from the feudal Middle Ages into the industrial Twentieth Century. Maladjustments are inevitable; and other formidable crises may follow the present. The great banks of Japan stand in intimate relation to the state at all times, and since the earthquake of 1923 have been even closer tied in. The Privy Council in mid-April refused to approve the Government's plan to advance large sums to rescue the Bank of Formosa, caught both in the earthquake aftermath and in the bankruptcy of the great Kobe house of Suzuki and Co., which recently failed with liabilities of $250,000,000. So Mr. Wakatsuki's Kenseikai Government fell, and a new Seiyukai Government—the Kenseikai draws its main strength from business groups, the Seiyukai from the landlord class—took its place. But neither party alone has a majority in Parliament; both rely on the uncertain alliance of the Seiyuhonto, a group with few fixed principles except to get as much power as possible. Both parties fear a general election, for since the last election manhood suffrage has come into effect, enlarging the electorate from 3 to 15 million voters, and the result is unpredictable. Japan is becoming too great a nation to be controlled by a paternalistic group of elder statesmen, and the present crisis—which has led to a bank panic, a series of bank failures, and a twenty-day general moratorium—is a part of the inevitable growing pains.

SINCE THE UNITED STATES "sold" to its puppet president of Nicaragua $217,718 worth of arms and ammunition—payments to begin after his term of office expires—Don Adolfo Diaz has been doing pretty well. The Liberal forces opposing him have not been captured or defeated, but as a rule they have found it safer not to attack. When they have ventured to attack, as at Matagalpa, Admiral Latimer's marines have stepped in conveniently and declared the prospective battleground a "neutral zone." Even so, things have dragged. So President Coolidge, who already had the regular quota of diplomats, several score business men, and a few thousand marines and marine officers on duty in Nicaragua, decided that the best next step was to send down a "personal observer." He chose Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War in Mr. Taft's Cabinet, and Mr. Stimson accordingly added himself to the company of Americans engaged in studying Nicaragua. He plans, he says, "to study the entire situation impartially." He began by calling on Adolfo Diaz, the Conservative "President." As to the Liberals, the Associated Press correspondent reports: "If Dr. Juan Sacasa, the Liberal President, or General Moncada, the chief Liberal commander, desires to communicate or visit him, Mr. Stimson says that he is ready to receive them, but that he is not suggesting such a step." Mr. Stimson is hardly likely to have his impartial mind sullied by contact with the Liberals so long as he waits to receive them close to the storehouses where Don Adolfo keeps his $217,718 worth of arms and ammunition.

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The Fascist regime upholds the doctrine of private property and favors private initiative in the field of production. . . . Strikes, lockouts, boycotts, obstructionism, and sabotage are absolutely forbidden, being considered rebellion against the state.

THESE ARE THE CORNERSTONES of the new Fascist Charter of Labor, made public at the recent celebration of Rome's 2,681st birthday. In addition to this orthright declaration of principles, in which the state is en to be head, there are all sorts of regulations, as yet not ormulated in detail, for cooperation between capital and bor. Each is organized in associations called syndicates; ach has its own restrictions and privileges. There will be o strikes, but capital must protect the worker in case of ccident, sickness, or unemployment. Labor is guaranteed six-day week—but without specifications as to the length f the day—extra pay for night work, an annual paid holiay, and indemnity to the worker's family in case of death; ut on the other hand, it is solemnly warned that "employees re responsible to the state in helping toward an increase i the value of the products and a reduction in their costs." n case of a dispute between the laboring syndicate and the mploying syndicate, a labor court will render a final decision in the controversy. In short, the workers may play at ringing their demands before the proper branch of the mployers' organization, and the employers may pretend hat they have the power to refuse or grant such demands. n reality, the state controls the industry, top and bottom—he Little Father protects his children, the Benevolent Despot watches over his subjects. A splendid game to play, articularly if you can be the Despot.

THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN on Fifth Avenue the sign "Oriental rugs made to order" will not be surprised hat we also make "Swiss" cheese in this resourceful country. Chiefly it is in Wisconsin and Ohio that, with the assistance of machinery to supply the holes, we produce the genuine imitation article. And the United States Tariff Commission has accordingly been laboring for more than two and a half years to determine whether the present 25 per cent ad valorem duty could not be increased, better to protect the native imitation. About two-fifths of the round Swiss cheese Americans eat is imported, and the imported cheese sells readily at higher prices than the domestic—any one of four senses will tell one that it is a different product. The Tariff Commission, however, heeds only the fifth sense, that of hearing; and its ears have been assailed by highly vocal Congressmen from the imitation-cheese-producing States. At last, after years of labor, the mountain has brought forth a mousy report. And as Mr. Coolidge is to spend his summer in the West, he will find it cooler, we suspect, if he promptly makes effective the suggested increase in the subsidy to American "Swiss" cheese-makers.

THE MORE WE READ of Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall's challenge to him to state his position as to his church and its relation to the political government of the United States the better we like it. There are those, we know, who feel that ten lines would have sufficed for the reply, and there are plenty of others who will not be convinced by it or by anything else that the Governor could say. As for the first, the reply is that ten lines would not have made a magazine article; as for the second, Governor Smith will simply have to count on the hostility of this group of men whose minds are closed. We are of course particularly pleased with his utterance on Mexico, which is of enormous importance to liberals everywhere. As to that country he writes: "I believe in peace on earth, good-will to men, and that no country has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of another country." This ought to be one of the foremost planks in his platform if he seeks Progressive votes for his nomination and election. It should, of course, be strengthened by specific statements. If the Governor is nominated and should challenge Coolidge and Kellogg by positively declaring that he will not interfere with the laws of Mexico or with internal disturbances in Nicaragua or any other country, that he will take American ships and American marines out of China as soon as all Americans have been given opportunity to withdraw to another country, and warned that they stay at their own risk; if he will declare that under him the American flag will not follow every investor who has a claim, honest or dishonest, against a Caribbean Government, or for that matter any government anywhere, the Governor can render a tremendous service to the United States and the entire world.

WE CONGRATULATE the *Jewish Daily Forward* upon the thirtieth anniversary of its foundation, for which celebration it did the country the service of inviting Ramsay MacDonald to visit us—Mr. MacDonald's unfortunate indisposition kept him from attending the celebration and delivering the commemorative address. We have frequently stated our belief that this Jewish daily is one of the most interesting and challenging in the United States because it is run on a non-profit-making basis. Nobody owns it. Title to it is held by a group of some two hundred members of the Forward Association, but all the profits made above expenses go to the causes in which the paper and its backers are interested. No one has, therefore, any personal motive to suppress news or to alter it for fear of an unfavorable effect upon circulation or advertising. The *Forward* has always been a genuine Americanization agent in the best sense, while others have merely talked about helping the immigrant. While it sometimes seems faulty in taste and methods, its influence on the whole has been thoroughly beneficial among the community which it has expressed. We most cordially wish for it increased vigor and increased patronage.

"SPREAD EAGLE" is the latest play to draw fire in New York, not because it is salacious, but because it is a stirring and ably acted anti-war play. The result is that our naval and military censors are reported to be at work in protest; it is even stated that the District Attorney is considering whether he cannot bring some kind of action against it. To our minds it is one of the most useful and most educational plays ever put on, and we rejoice to hear that it is playing to crowded houses. It simply pictures the ease with which war upon Mexico could be provoked by a single rich capitalist. But there is more to it than that; it is really a representation of what has happened in the Caribbean, and indicates clearly how, once there is an excuse for rousing the people, the press, the films, and all the patriotic catchwords are utilized to throw the country into a crusade for revenge or for "teaching a lesson" to a neighbor whose methods and morals we do not like. Everybody opposed to war and to the drugging of the American people should support this brilliant performance.

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To the Governor of Massachusetts

SIR: You have won a reputation in your State for independence and courage, illustrated by your refusal to be a blind follower of your party and by your declaration, contrary to Republican policy, in favor of the League of Nations. These, and other facts within our knowledge, embolden us to believe that as an honest and fearless man you will face the great issues presented to you in the Sacco-Vanzetti case without shrinking and with a determination to get at all the facts. That it is an issue of tremendous moment you are well aware. In your future political career you are not likely to meet with another situation which will so deeply arouse not only great masses of your countrymen, but millions all over the world who see another Dreyfus case in the plight of Sacco and Vanzetti. We do not believe that you desire sympathy for the difficult position in which you are placed. A brave and a big man welcomes every genuine test of his judgment and his courage, and rejoices when the opportunity comes to him to do justice. Your responsibility for the life or death of these men is great, indeed, but it is as nothing compared to the satisfaction and the distinction which will come to you if you decide this case and decide it rightly.

There is, as you must be aware, far more at stake than the lives of two foreign-born men. Precious as existence is to them and to those who hold them dear, vastly more important is the fact that the judiciary, not only of Massachusetts but of the United States is on trial. You are being urged, and you will continue to be urged, by many ignorant, passionate, or prejudiced persons to let the law take its course and thus to "uphold the majesty of the courts." Even the proposal that you should appoint an unbiased commission to review the evidence is being assailed as a blow at the authority of the courts and the superseding of the judicial system. The men, you will be told, are worthless; the need of the hour, it is asserted, is to let radicals the world over know that the courts of America will be sustained without question. There are actually judges in Massachusetts and eminent members of the bar who are counseling this. They are the worst enemies of the judicial system they seek to uphold.

No judiciary in the world is beyond the possibility of doing wrong. There is none which will not suffer deadly hurt if it is sustained in injustice. Not even a judiciary which has stood as high as that of Massachusetts can do a colossal wrong and retain its prestige or public respect. It will then become infamous throughout the world, precisely as did that travesty of French justice which condemned the innocent Captain Dreyfus to Devil's Island. It will become all the more infamous should the miscarriage of justice be due to the fact that the judicial system of Massachusetts is so organized that men may be sent to death merely because a trial judge has refused to consider new evidence. Contrary to the rule in the courts of New York and many other States, the courts of appeal in your State cannot take cognizance of new facts, or alleged facts, offered by the convicted men. As a keen and successful business man, you will appreciate the necessity of leaving no stone unturned to make certain that not the slightest injustice has been done. If the millions who are watching Massachusetts should witness the death of these men and remain convinced that they were innocent victims of legal procedure or of prejudice our entire American judicial system would rock upon its foundations and people would recall anew that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the ex-President of the United States, William H. Taft, has declared that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization."

The doctrine that the courts must be upheld at any cost is merely a revival of the medieval principles that the king can do no wrong and that the church must be held infallible and must be sustained, no matter how many innocents it might torture or burn to death. It is another form of the doctrine which would sustain in its every act any political system that calls itself a state, whether that state be right or wrong, no matter how great the injustices with which the temporary administrators of that state may stain their hands. This doctrine is in itself a confession of weakness. A system of government which is rooted in equity and inspired by justice needs no such defense. It needs to ask of no one that error be overlooked and crime condoned lest its prestige be impaired. On the contrary, it is ready to admit that fallibility which is inseparable from every human institution. The very fact that courts of error and appeal exist is proof that no judge or set of judges, is beyond mistake. Yet, as the matter stands, Sacco and Vanzetti may be executed because the evidence in their case has come only before *one judge*, and he a judge whose prejudice and passion in the case leap forth from the record for anyone who takes the trouble either to read the text or the masterly analysis of the case made by Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School.

Since the upper Massachusetts courts are debarred from examining the new evidence it has become your solemn duty to do so, either alone or with the aid of an unbiased commission, as Bishop Lawrence has urged. But you have a greater duty than that. It is to examine also the original trial, the evidence submitted at that time, and above all the manner in which it was conducted by Judge Thayer. It is our sincere belief that if you do so you will without hesitation set the convicted men free. This is not because, as some distinguished lawyers and jurists are saying, men whose lives have been in judicial jeopardy for seven years ought to be released whether guilty or not, but because of what seems to us indisputable proof that the trial judge was biased to an amazing degree and that his conduct of the case was obviously inspired by malice, fear, and bitterness. You cannot, of course, order a new trial for these men; that power does not belong to the Executive. We sincerely trust that nothing will induce you merely to commute their sentences. These men are guilty or they are not guilty. If they are guilty commutation would indeed seem a concession to clamor; if they are innocent they cannot be set free too soon—to doom them to a life in prison would be no act of kindness. We know that their release from unjust imprisonment will strengthen the prestige of Massachusetts rather than injure it.

With complete faith in the integrity of your intentions, we are,

Respectfully yours,

THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

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Mr. Coolidge Defends

T is to President Coolidge's credit that his defense of his foreign policy at the celebration of the twentieth niversary of that most useful news organization, the nited Press, was straightforward and frank. It was, oreover, plainly meant to be couched in a conciliatory ne. His announcement that he has had an assurance from e Mexican Ambassador that there will be no confiscation American property and that the dispute between the two ountries seems, therefore, in the way of amicable settlent, is most gratifying. Indeed, it offsets the unfavorable atement with which it was coupled, that despite the conary assertions of more than one hundred of the foreost law teachers and international lawyers the issues ere not clearly arbitrable. His assurance that his Adinistration looked with most friendly eyes upon Chinese ational aspirations and upon the effort to build a sound hinese republic evoked perhaps the warmest and most pontaneous applause of the evening.

It is necessary to point out, however, that the speech egan with a thoroughly vicious premise, namely, that the ewspapers of the United States ought not to criticize the overnment in its undertakings in foreign countries. Reeating remarks made to the press correspondents in Washngton some months ago, Mr. Coolidge dwelt on the freedom f the American press from government control and interference and declared that in return the press should back he government because when it dissents its utterances are he most effective material for the governments with which we may be at loggerheads, and therefore "attacks our own orces in the rear." What preposterous nonsense this is! There has not been one moment in American history from the days of Washington down when there has not been vigorous opposition to the foreign policies of the administration which temporarily happened to be in power, opposition in the Congress and in public forums quite as much as in the press. Mr. Coolidge has never learned American history. Had he done so he must have recalled the fact, for instance, that Abraham Lincoln never hesitated to assail his government on the Mexican question even when our troops were in the field and under fire. There could be no worse fate than for the country to accept Mr. Coolidge's confusing of a temporary political administration with the government of the United States, or rather with the true spirit of our republic, and his desire to do away with criticism. We should then be on the direct road to despotism. Mr. Coolidge calmly assumed that every American government is always right in its dealings with foreign countries instead of very often wrong; that is the measure of his naivete.

As for the speech itself, it was imperialistic to the core; it virtually declared that we had taken over the Caribbean countries as mandataries and went to the most dangerous lengths in evolving the doctrine that the flag must follow the American wherever he goes to protect him and his property—an untenable, unmoral, and un-American doctrine which would forever keep us in hot water, necessitate standing armies and navies for all time, and involve us in constant interference in the internal concerns of other nations. The latter intention Mr. Coolidge, of course, disavowed. So does every imperialist; but only a Machiavelli could attempt to prove that our intervention in Nicaragua to protect American lives and property was not interference in Nicaraguan domestic affairs. Altogether, Mr. Coolidge harked back to the diplomatic language of twenty-five years ago, proving himself to be another statesman who has learned not one thing from the World War.

Finally, we would point out that while many of his phrases were sound and many of his words well buttered, it is the execution of these policies which counts. The troops in Nicaragua, the warships at Hankow and elsewhere on the Yangtze, the constant menace to Mexico—these are the true tests of whether we are or are not an imperialistic Power. They count infinitely more than a hundred speeches by Mr. Coolidge.

Old-Age Pensions Coming

THE movement for old-age pensions on this continent has suddenly come to life and achieved some interesting results. A measure has been adopted in Colorado and approved by the Governor, whereas the Governor of Wyoming vetoed a bill passed by the legislature of that State. The committee of the Illinois House to which a pension bill was referred has favorably reported the bill, and the prospects for its passage seem good. In Pennsylvania, on the other hand, after a most bitter struggle, chronicled on the front pages of every newspaper in the State, the proposed constitutional amendment was defeated two weeks ago, only because of the most determined opposition on the part of the Republican political machine, Mr. W. L. Mellon, the State Manufacturers' Association, and the State Chamber of Commerce.

In Canada a measure has been passed which ends the matter so far as the federal government is concerned. The value of the victory has, however, been greatly exaggerated, since the new regime will not come into effect in any province until that province through its own legislature has accepted the law and put it into effect. None the less there is jubilation, for in 1926 a Tory Senate defeated the bill after a special committee of the House, appointed in 1925, had reported in favor of a plan to be administered jointly by the federal government and the provinces. Last month the Senate yielded, despite the many conservative voices raised in opposition to the proposal, and passed the bill. The Senators frankly concede that public opinion won the victory.

The act as passed provides that the "indigent poor," upon reaching the age of seventy years, shall receive pensions of $20 a month. There are many provisions, such as reductions for ability to earn money and for the possession of private income. Where a home is owned by a pensioner it must be sold after his death in order to reimburse the state. If the pensioned person is a British subject he or she must have resided in Canada for at least twenty years; if a naturalized citizen, the pensioner must have resided twenty-five years in Canada and been a citizen for fifteen. Furthermore, while the federal government may assist the provinces in carrying out the scheme, the provinces must administer it and pay half the pensions and all the costs of administration. This is in accord with a legal opinion handed down by the Canadian Department of Justice to the effect that the subject matter of pensions was intrusted under the British North America Act to the provincial legislatures rather than to the Parliament. The Deputy Minister of Justice has specifically held that federal

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legislation may not obligate any province or person to contribute to a pension plan.

When we examine the record of the provinces it becomes apparent that the Ottawa act just passed is merely a beginning, and that it may take many years to accomplish the real purpose of the legislation. British Columbia is the only province that has approved of the plan thus far; New Brunswick, it is reported, "does not disapprove of the principle of old-age pensions but . . . is considering the establishment of widows' pensions." Prince Edward Island, having no municipal government, is already offering direct assistance to indigent aged persons. Quebec deems it impossible to adopt a law establishing pensions at this time because of the heavy financial obligations already imposed upon or carried by that province. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Nova Scotia either think that the federal government should assume the whole undertaking or at least are not prepared to act at the present moment. For the present, therefore, the new law may remain little more than a pious gesture. Yet it is a beginning, and it now gives the opportunity for public opinion in the provinces to arouse itself and compel the provincial legislatures to take advantage of the new legislation.

To return to the United States, a strong society has lately been formed called the American Association for Old Age Security, with headquarters in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of Pennsylvania is president and Abraham Epstein is executive secretary. It is this organization which fought so good a battle in Pennsylvania. It will, of course, encounter the opposition of all the forces of conservatism and reaction. We shall be told once more that the proposal strikes at self-reliance, thrift, and industry, and makes for waste and extravagance. That will be of no avail in the long run. No one in England or in Germany or in Australia would think for a moment of abolishing the pension schemes in force in those countries, and nobody there today is seriously saying that they undermine the character of those who participate in them or expect to participate. It is refreshing, indeed, to note how readily the plan went through in Colorado and the apparent readiness of Illinois to take this forward step.

Our Morning's Mail

WHAT is an editor? Now and then every member of the craft asks himself that question—critically, a little resentfully. He constantly hears editors attacked as simpletons and mountebanks; he is assured that facts, not opinions, count nowadays and that the influence of the editorial page is not what it was; he sees evidence that the worst-edited publications often attain the largest circulations.

What is an editor? Perhaps the answer is in the pile of mail unloaded each morning on the editorial desk. Let us see. A heap of proffered manuscripts, beginning with "The Future of China"; a release from the Department of Commerce on the market for radio sets in Liberia; advance copies of a dozen speeches by Senator Puffball and others to be delivered before a series of annual meetings, beginning with the Daughters of the Wooden Nutmeg in New Haven, Connecticut, on May 16; an invitation to a dinner to commemorate the sixtieth birthday of the Rev. Dr. Loud Speaker (at $4.50 a plate); bulletins from the Department of Agriculture on the prospects for the lima-bean crop in southern Oklahoma and other fascinating subjects; announcements of lectures on "The Will to Achieve," and—but the personal letters make the editor's day. Here's a closely penned one from "Rte. 3, Pound, Wis."

> Kindly let me know from whom can be purchased at a reasonable price a tiny instrument by the help of which you can, when put to the ear or otherwise, hear and distinguish whisperings. It might be domestic or imported.
>
> From whom can be purchased at a reasonable price genuine imported best quality German pocket mirrors of all existing kinds or models, pocket combs, etc.
>
> Should you be unable to give the desired information, then tell me to whom else to apply.

There's a man who has a proper, old-fashioned appreciation of the omniscience of an editor! This reader warms our hearts although he appals our brains. We go on with the mail, finding requests to recommend schools for backward or forward children, to draw up arguments for debates, to identify quotations, to recommend investments, as for instance, this, from Bismarck, North Dakota:

> In *The Nation* of March 9 an article entitled The Mortgage Bond Industry appears. This article would lead one to believe that investments with bondhouses are somewhat risky.
>
> I have been contemplating the investing of surplus funds (which are not very much) with some such house as the Strauss Co., the Geo. B. Foreman Co., the F. H. Smith Co., the Commercial National Co. of Detroit, Michigan. The houses pay all the way from 6 to 10 and 11 per cent, the latter amount being that offered by the Commercial National Co. As an ordinary citizen with no money to lose would I be fairly safe in investing with some such company as those listed above?
>
> I would appreciate a reply from you by an early mail and am inclosing a stamped envelope for your convenience.

These evidences that some people think editors know something tickle our vanity. They are more pleasing than letters of praise, which sometimes accompany manuscripts, thus suggesting flattery, and sometimes felicitate us for articles which in fact appeared in other periodicals.

Toward the bottom of the heap of mail comes a letter, the envelope of which bears a strange postage stamp. It is from a lawyer in a city of Latvia, and runs as follows:

> Being an old reader of your paper and knowing how ready you are to assist anyone, I kindly beg you to supply me information in the following: A man was killed in an auto accident in Connecticut; his dependents live here; when does the statute of limitations of Connecticut begin to run against the dependents in their right of action for damages against the automobile owners?
>
> If you cannot give me this information, possibly some one on the staff of your attorneys can supply it.

These are all bona-fide letters from a single morning's mail. Among his readers, at least, an editor is neither a simpleton nor a mountebank, nor is the day of his influence passing.

What is an editor? One can only conclude from the requests made of him that the public regards an editor as an information bureau of infallible resource, an encyclopedia of general knowledge, a dictionary of quotations, a research librarian, a financier, a lawyer, a philanthropist, a friend, and a counselor-at-large. That's no small reputation, fellow-occupants of the sanctum! In moments of depression we may feel that we know next to nothing. But 365 days a year our readers give proof of their conviction that we know practically everything. After all, who are we to dispute that verdict? The voice of the people is the voice of God.

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Ramsay MacDonald

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHENEVER I see Ramsay MacDonald my mind goes back to the days at Paris when the Treaty of Versilles was being forged in the fires of hatred, bitterness, venge, and injustice. So far as the treaty-makers were ncerned, and especially those from his own country, no e had the slightest use for Ramsay MacDonald. He was a cifist; he had opposed the war from beginning to end. hy should the makers of peace speak to him? Few did. ıey knew him to be a man of parts, of great human underanding. But for them he was forever in the outer darkss. Had anybody suggested that MacDonald within five ars would be the ruler of Great Britain he would have en laughed out of court.

Paris, for those of us who foresaw what kind of treaty was to be, was a pretty unhappy place. So those who uld, drifted to Berne to take part in or report the meeting the Second International. I shall always be grateful to olonel House for his hearty insistence that I should go as press observer, for there I found a true peace conference, ade up not of statesmen, generals, and professional diploats, but of ninety men and women of flesh and blood. Yes, ere were women taking part in the proceedings; and for ıe first time after the war French and Germans and Brith and Russians sat together and struck hands in amity. nly one head of a state was there, I believe—Kurt Eisner, resident of Bavaria. He made the best speech of the con-rence, declaring that it was the duty of Germany to re-nstruct the devastated districts in France and offering head an army of builders, architects, and workmen for ıis purpose. Two days later he left Berne, saying: "I've ı idea that all will be over with me in nine days." Just ine days later he was shot from behind by a cowardly tled assassin, who has escaped the just penalty for this ime.

There Ramsay MacDonald stood out as the leader he is. find in my notes on the conference that he stated the posion of the International on the question of bolshevism with great force and real eloquence"—and that he was as uch in opposition to the Communists as he is today. For ıe rest he spoke with strength and vision in favor of ımediate reconciliation, the restoration of good-will, the building of wasted Europe without annexations, indemnies, or penalties. At this conference it was the *spirit* that ounted. It was not that they were Socialists, but that they ere, as I have said, human beings, with sane emotions and ble impulses unfettered by the paralyzing influences of ficial life. Some of the things they proposed were: a ague of peoples, an international court, the immediate olition of all armies and navies, free access to all coun-ies, and international control of all world-thoroughfares. ad these men and women been the makers of the peace, urope would have been spared endless suffering and loss. his fact no one can question; it is only necessary to remind ıe reader that peace did not come to Europe until one mem-er of that Berne Conference reached a commanding posion in European affairs and put into practice the *spirit* of ıat human and humane gathering.

That man, of course, is Ramsay MacDonald, he who was ignored and slighted in Paris and who spoke so truly and eloquently at Berne. I have just been glancing at Frank Simonds's new book: "How Europe Made Peace Without America." Reviewing the brief Labor Government in England he writes:

> . . . but, thanks to MacDonald, British foreign policy had won new influence and British position in Europe had been restored. Moreover, the supreme service of Ramsay MacDonald lay in the fact that he had not merely created a new atmosphere in Europe, but he had also revived Continental confidence in British good faith. . . . Moreover, Baldwin and Chamberlain wisely adopted both the policies and methods of the Labor Prime Minister. Thus, the credit for the larger part of the later success of British policy and diplomacy belongs rightfully to Ramsay MacDonald. He, and not Chamberlain, was the true architect of Locarno. Without his contribution European anarchy might have been much more dangerously protracted.

True—God's truth! And Mr. Simonds might as truly have added that Locarno could have been born at Berne and that MacDonald was as ready for the task at Berne as when he became Foreign Minister.

> Today [MacDonald wrote on August 12, 1924] we are all as friendly as though there never had been a war and a vile press propaganda, and we shall go our several ways this week feeling that the conditions of friendly negotiations have been reestablished in Europe. It is really a satisfactory piece of work. . . .

It was a glorious piece of work and it will stand for all time as a proof of the contention that the most practical men on earth are not your realistic professional diplomats but the men who, with peace in their hearts, refuse absolutely to compromise with war or to accept it at any time or any place.

To me Ramsay MacDonald's career is also proof, if anybody needs it, that in this workaday world romance is no more banished than in the days of chivalry. What could surpass the romance of those five years from Paris in January, 1919, to 10 Downing Street, London, in January, 1924? And now he is in America—as unspoiled in 1927 as in 1919, simple, unaffected, modest. His heart and mind are as intimately concerned with art and literature as with political affairs. At least so it seemed to me during a couple of memorable days with him in New England. Battle scenes interested him scarcely. But he was full of Hawthorne and Emerson and Thoreau and the lesser lights of Concord. He knew where they had lived and where they were buried and had read, I think, every word they ever wrote. He motored thirty miles for one-half hour in the House of the Seven Gables, and felt wholly rewarded for that rush across country. This bookish trait is characteristic of the best English statesmen.

Fire and power are still in MacDonald. The zeal of the crusader is unquenched, the desire to serve unabated. Lust for office there is none; there were times in plenty while he was Prime Minister when he would have been glad to lay down his office. The chances are that he will bear these burdens again. If he does his steel will still flash. Speaking the other day, he met the old argument that you cannot

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change human nature, by telling of the advances made through the abolition of clan feuds and the duel, thus controlling the desire to kill. But he added, with a smile and a flash of the eyes, "I must admit that I, a MacDonald, still have a queer feeling when I meet a Campbell." For those who choke the world with officialism and still believe that might makes right and that civilization can be conferred by force upon backward peoples—usually "backward" because they have not yielded themselves to the brutal industrialism of today—Ramsay MacDonald still has queer feelings. Lor may he hold them, and long may he be able to exempli and apply in public life the spirit of Berne that became t spirit of Locarno!

For the United States one can have no warmer wi than that when Ramsay MacDonald comes again he may able to give us eleven months instead of eleven days. The is no country that needs his teachings more and I can thi of no one who could present them as well.

The Collapse of the Needle Trades

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

1. The Genealogy of Tailors' Morals

PROFESSOR DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH once turned a corner in Edinburgh and ran into the sign of a pantsmaker. On it "stood painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and between the knees these memorable words, 'Sic itur ad astra.'" The inharmony, so droll and so tragic, of this classic cry of the freeman on the shield of a tailor "rent the soul" of the professor-at-large and converted him into the immortal Dr. Faust of the needle trades. In this high moment he resolved to study mankind by the cut of its clothes and to look for the nature of man into the soul of the tailor; whose lot, he decided, reveals with grotesque emphasis "our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of Society."

Sartor Resartus is still with us, in need of the same humanist sympathy for his all-too-human perversities. Just now he is so sadly in rags that his further repatching seems dubious. Our needle trades are in desperate shape. Some are too "hoodwinked" to know it. The United Garment Workers (presumably 50,000), confined largely to overalls and a few shirts, have deteriorated into a mere vested interest of their leaders. The United Hatters (presumably 11,000) exist on the sale to the boss of their union label, which guarantees him their benevolent neutrality. The Journeymen Tailors (presumably 9,200) are peacefully dying of hardening arteries in the passing custom-tailoring trade. A few hundred glovemakers form a ladies' auxiliary to the American Federation of Labor, in testimonial to the gentility of the Women's Trade Union League. These unions, with the rest of our craft-tight labor movement, are dues-collecting agencies of organized contract labor. Their registrations suffice for official salaries, putative expense accounts, primitive business routine, and the convivial conventions of intimate delegates for the reelection of the oligarchy, occasionally tempered by rotation in office. These arrested "business unions" play an important psychological role in the needle trades. They are the decadent descendants of the American tailor of the last mid-century. Today they are the orthodox American Federation of Labor bloc among the progressive "social unions." And when the progressive unions are weakened by factional strife, the atrophied unions inflame and threaten their whole social program. The present intervention of the A. F. of L. in the needle trades, irritated by an irresponsible "left" virus, is guided by Messrs. Woll, McGrady, and Frayne. But behind them, of course, is the long reactionary experience of the stagnant needle trades, especially of the United Garment Workers.

The progressive needle trades are engaged in five i dustries, if we omit the thousand-odd neckwear worke confined to one New York local. The two dominant unio are the International Ladies' Garment Workers (87,000 and the extra-A. F. of L. Amalgamated Clothing Worke (150,000). The furriers' union (12,000) is at present i chaos. The cloth hat, cap and millinery workers (11,000 are in the pleasant habit of signing agreements with the petty employers which are too good to be true, and hen unenforceable, but which serve the excellent purpose c keeping factionalism to a minimum. The pocketbook wor ers (6,000), under the tired but wise leadership of Shipl coff, are too small for serious disunion. Accordingly th melodrama of labor, industry, politics, Lenin's ghost, goo citizens, gangsters, detectives, graft, and criminal foll deals with the shooting up of the women's garment worker and the furriers' unions, and with the hair-breadth escap of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who were badl rumpled in 1924 but have been cleaned and pressed since.

Among the approximately 70,000 workers in the atr phied needle trades no more than about 12,000 are Jew Among the 266,000 workers in the progressive needle trade are almost 170,000 Jews, mostly from old Russia. Th union leaders, very wisely, avoid stressing this racial com plexion. A trade union is not a racial benefit society or church. Also, an ever larger number of Slavs, American of both colors, and especially Italians is constantly seepin in. The simplification of production processes in the cloth ing unions is attracting the flapper, who is as American a baseball. But the cultural heritage of these progressiv needle unions is Yiddish. *Der ewige Jude* is still in th seams of our union-made clothes. And without due analysi of his stellar role in these trades, their present internecin struggle is incomprehensible.

Down to the seventies about 35,000 Russian Jewis workers settled in New York. The majority went into th sweatshops. Most of them were illiterate, full of ritualism sub-proletarian migrants to a "promised land," not of free dom but of wealth. They had no inner powers of organiza tion. But among the millions of immigrants during th next twenty-five years the growing revolutionary conscious ness in Russia brought a much finer type. Thousands mor crowded the sweatshops, to be exploited by fellow-country men of the preceding immigration and by a deeply disap pointing alien environment, whose industrial, tenement, an Tammany outrages carried the best of them into the vagu Socialist and labor beginnings of the eighties. In 1888 th United Hebrew Trades was founded. It was Morris Hillquit and Abraham Cahan who started the Jewish workers toward

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rganization. The American Federation of Labor later on ook them over by crafts. And they have formed the bulk f the Socialist opposition within the federation ever since.

The two decades from 1888 to 1908 were years of fermentation. Will-o'-the-wisp unions lit up here and there in dark back rooms of the Ghetto, flickering fatuously from anarchist Left to Lasallian Right, reflecting European revolutionary splits and reechoing their philippics. But by 1908 a third type of Jewish immigrant worker was making himself felt. In 1897 the Arbeiter Bund, the Social Democratic Society of Jewish workers in Russia, superseded the nihilist phase of the Russian revolution. Thousands of these new immigrants were Bundists. Hundreds had participated in the soviets of the revolution of 1905-1906. They had faced cavalcades of Cossacks, and gangsters, police, and injunctions did not impress them very much. Finally, in 1909, the "uprising of the 20,000" shirtwaist makers in New York City broke out. Bessie and Beckie scratched the "gorillas" and talked back to the police, disregarded food and injunctions with a picturesqueness and nerve which roused the public into wild acclamation. Professional men, "good" citizens, social reformers, the minister with the stereopticon vision of social good and personal publicity, silk- and lisle-stocking suffragettes, all jumped on the band-wagon and helped "the girls" lay the foundation of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. This strike, only half won, led to the "great revolt" of 60,000 cloakmakers in 1910. The men finished the job, established the union, and the famous Protocol of Peace was signed. The protocol was an elaborate machinery of obligatory arbitration, precluding strikes and lockouts. Though abrogated in 1916, it opened the way for all subsequent arbitral judiciaries in the needle trades. It is this expert and realistic attitude toward the industry as a whole which is the essence of the progressivism of these progressive unions.

In 1910, 41,000 men's clothing workers struck in Chicago against intolerable conditions, both in the industry and in the United Garment Workers. Again the best public opinion joined the picket lines. An impartial machinery was established at the Hart, Schaffner and Marx factory, spreading gradually through the Chicago market, and from there to the other men's clothing centers. In 1914 practically all but the overall seamsters left the Rickert machine of the United Garment Workers and launched forth as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The collective-agreement machinery was set up in the fur trade after the strike of 1912. The cloth hat, cap, and millinery workers and the pocketbook makers were held back for a few years by the "jurisdictional" perversion of the A. F. of L., but they, too, finally became established in much the same fashion. These unions were through with the "safe and sane" A. F. of L. method of a perpetual dog fight for a daily bone. They fought for the "radical" innovation of a permanent machinery for collective agreement.

The years 1917 to 1920 were years of "expansion and reform." Week work, the 44-hour week, a middle-class wage, "the right to the job" were won in successive struggles. The two garment unions, especially the women's-wear workers, were also developing the "new unionism." Workers' education, summer camps, medical attention, and later on genuine business enterprises were started. This "new unionism" is extremely interesting, for it had a double motivation. Consciously, it was an expression of exhilarated and successful unionism. Unconsciously, it grew ever more into a psychological compensation for the gradual weakening of the clothing crafts, especially in the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. To some degree the "new unionism" was a species of advertising to break down union apathy. Nonetheless, in 1920-1921 the progressive needle trades were still far in the vanguard of American labor.

During the liberation strikes of 1909-1912 the employers, the vast majority of whom also were Jews, fought union beginnings with gangsters, injunctions, and an intransigent callousness which proved their boomerang. But once defeated, the Jewish manufacturer developed into a fairly willing collaborator in the arbitral machinery. Deep down in his commercial medulla he sensed that the Jewish worker, for all his radicalism, would be a pragmatist in a laboratory of industrial relations, on which his living depended. And, indeed, his ancient bargaining culture helped the worker build his union into a board of trade. In the sweatshop he had been a mere peddler of his skill. Under the new system he tended to become a collective merchant prince of his labor power. In time both sides came to regard the arbitral machinery as a living justiciary, protecting the worker from the manufacturer, and hence the manufacturers from each other.

This duality of the Jewish temperament, this stark blending of opposite characteristics, always determined the politics of the progressive needle trades. The Jewish worker is at one and the same time an intense collectivist and an intense individualist. When cultural forces in American life were evolving the uncontrollable sweatshop into the more controllable big "inside" shop, roughly from 1900 to 1917, the revolutionary crescendos in Russia, from the late nineties to the Communist *coup d'état*, gave him just the right emotional afflatus to control this economic development. But since 1917 the big factory, in the field of women's wear, has been retrogressing into the sweatshop as we shall see later. Other reactionary industrial changes have set in; while the revolutionary spirit in the European homeland has become crystallized into a doctrinaire ideology, which does not fit his present industrial difficulties and their correlative union problems. Hence his "radicalism," which had made him the paragon of progress in American labor, is now turning against him as his own Frankenstein.

2. The Collapse of the Cloakmakers

Eighty per cent of women's coats and cloaks are made in New York. When, in 1910, 60,000 cloakmakers went on strike, they were none too many for the American market. In 1926 33,000 cloakmakers walked out. It is estimated that they are 12,000 too many for the demand of almost 4,000,000 more women. The reason is style. Women's garments, even coats, constantly tend toward simplification. In 1910 the American woman was still holding on to the disappearing frills and ruffles of a preceding generation, courting the envy of her own and the admiration of the other sex with camouflage bust and other artifices which called for the imagination of a skilled craftsman. Also her coat had to last, with French stitches and much handwork. The rapid advance of feminism changed the strategy of style. To step into a car, for its manifold uses from transit to affection, requires comfort and ease. The American woman of today hangs on a strap, works and plays everywhere. And she permits her figure to speak for itself.

But unfortunately this highly commendable simplification in cut has been accompanied by a nervous sophistica-

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tion in style. While the designer simplified the garment a hundredfold, the salesman sensitized the buyer to its minutest changes a thousandfold. The differences in style are small, but important. The fashion fever roused has shortened the seasons and crazed the competitiveness of the industry.

This simplification in style resulted in the multiplication of production units. The garment was sectionalized, and the sections sent out to different shops. The large factory retrogressed into a number of old-fashioned sweatshops. The jobber, who today controls 70 per cent of the cloak-and-suit industry, sends out his work to the submanufacturers, of whom there are almost 2,000 in Greater New York. The submanufacturer is a completely irresponsible unit. He lives by cheating the jobber and the consumer on materials, specifications, and workmanship; by cheating the union on rulings, hours, and wages; and by cheating the public on sanitation and industrial decency. The number of these bootleg shops is constantly increasing, but their size is decreasing. In 1925 the workers in these small shops averaged only 26.8 weeks of work a year, averaging through the year $26.40 a week.

This disintegration in the economics of the industry was bound to corrupt the union. It requires an army of prohibition agents—walking delegates—to "enforce conditions" in these industrial speak-easies. In 1925 the cost of such enforcement amounted to somewhere around $1,000,000. It frequently called for strong-arm methods, which do not look well on the books; which means graft; which means a corroding machine, which is oiled by more graft. The machine in the International was partly kept in office by a system of disproportional misrepresentation, by which conventions could be loaded with artificial delegates from rotten boroughs. Benjamin Schlesinger, president of the International from 1914 to 1923, was an honest and able official, but temperamentally too much of a prima donna to cope consistently with boodle and sloth. Toward the end of his administration a strong left wing of disaffection was rapidly developing. In January, 1923, Schlesinger impulsively resigned. Much to his surprise his resignation was accepted. And Morris Sigman was called by Rights and Lefts from his Iowa farm to clean up the mess.

Sigman has an excellent labor record. In 1915 he had stood in the shadow of a framed electric chair for his militant leadership. Originally an I. W. W., he has never been in the inner councils of the powerful Socialist influences in the union. He has character, and detailed knowledge of the industry. He has intelligence, but not acumen. He is honest, but stubborn. He is courageous, but not tactful. Needless to say, he is incapable of building a machine of his own. With bare hands he tried to break a corrupt right wing against a bigoted left wing without further endangering a rapidly disintegrating industry. He removed some of the worst politicians from power. But since he had no machine of his own, most of the walking delegates kept their beats. Then he turned on the Left.

Of the 87,000 members in the union, probably no more than 1,200 are Communists. The vast majority, however, is disgusted. In disgust, many of them turned to the opposition. And the organized opposition in Socialist unions is, of course, Communist. The Communists differ from all previous left wings in that they are avowedly under the strict discipline of an outside political party, the Workers Party, whose economic branch is the Trade Union Educational League, organized in 1922 by William Z. Foste The majority of the leaders, both in the party and in th league, are comparatively unknown in the labor movemen having risen to Communist leadership within the last one t three years. Both the party and the league are admitted under the direction of the Communist International and th Red Trade Union International.

This is not the place to evaluate the influence of th Bolshevik revolution on American labor. Suffice it to sa that, however profound the effect of this cultural experienc upon Russian national life, the strict realities of the Sovie revolution cannot be exported into a culture as disparat as ours without changing doctrines into philippics and tac tics into fantasies.

The effects of the Bolshevik revolution reached our So cialist Party by 1919. In 1921 the split was complete. I 1922-1923 it began to break up the Socialist unions, espe cially the economically weakening Ladies Garment Workers The Communists began a campaign of vilification agains the Sigman administration, which for recklessness, falsehoods, absurdities, and sheer psychiatric mud-slinging is almost unbelievable. Their organ among the Jewish workers was the daily *Freiheit*. The *Forward*, which had its Socialist counter-ax to grind, tried to reciprocate in kind. And the Jewish workers were constantly kept in turmoil. In 1925 Sigman sanctioned the suspension of 68 Left-wing officials in Locals 2, 9, and 22, asserting that they were Communists.

No move could possibly have been more inept. Most of the suspended officials were easily able to show that they were not Communists at all. Besides, a union should never withhold its economic protection from any worker, no matter what his political beliefs might be. All it can demand is union loyalty. Expulsion strategy invites all kinds of outside interference, ranging from the reactionary intervention of the A. F. of L. oligarchy and spreading over into the editorial columns of the daily press. It is likely to carry factional struggles into the courts. It rouses the ire of liberal opinion. And, of course, it strengthens the opposition immeasurably. These suspensions led to the capture of the New York Joint Board by Lefts under Communist control, though its new manager, Louis Hyman, is not a Workers Party member. The Joint Board and the Sigman administration proceeded to spend most of their time fighting each other. Finally, a special convention was called to meet in Philadelphia in December, 1925. The problem of proportional representation was adjusted by a compromise, but union discord prevented its application. Both factions also patched up a program with which to meet the three associations of employers—the inside manufacturers, the jobbers, and the submanufacturers.

Sigman, on coming into power, had made certain recommendations for the improvement of the industry. His program called for the limitations of submanufacturers to each jobber; no submanufacturer was to employ less than fourteen operators with the corresponding complement of other workers; no jobber was to change submanufacturers without good reason. During slow seasons, the jobber was to divide the work equally between his submanufacturers, who in turn, were to divide it between their workers. Union conditions must be guaranteed by the jobber. The industry must guarantee 32 weeks' work a year (both the Rights and the Lefts have variously increased this figure since then), and a 40-hour week. In 1924 the union was about to call a

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general strike for this program when Governor Smith appointed an advisory commission to investigate the industry.

In May, 1926, the Governor's commission made its final report. It granted the chief union demands concerning the limitation and control of the jobbers and a permanent Research and Control Bureau to enforce them. It granted wage increases over the minimum rates, ranging from $2.50 to $6.00. It urged the payment of unemployment insurance by the submanufacturers, and in many other details tried to make the submanufacturer a responsible unit. But it failed to grant the guaranteed period of employment and the 40-hour week. And it gave to the employer of more than 35 workers the right to reorganize 10 per cent of his shop once a year.

The Governor's report was a victory for the union under the circumstances. Sigman advised its acceptance as a basis for negotiation; he felt that the union was in no position to undertake a strike. But the Joint Board decided to strike. The strike lasted from July 1 to November 13, 1926. Never in the history of American labor has a strike been more incompetently, irresponsibly, and wastefully managed. Its three leaders, behind the vacillating chairmanship of Hyman, were Zimmerman, Boruchovitz, and Portnoy, whose strategy seems to have been determined in daily Communist caucuses. The Joint Board sidetracked experienced leaders for "left-wingers," who dominated every committee. During the strike the strong-arm methods of the employers were met with similar tactics. But the inexperienced leadership finally lost control over its hired strong-arm men, who engaged ultimately in factional warfare. The Right met gangsters with gangsters. The Picket Committee, headed by an inexperienced Left, spent $200,438.06, only half of which was used for salaries. Scabbing was rampant.

The Hall Committee spent $100,554 in addition to the large outgo for rents. The Law Committee spent $302,379, of which only $68,299 went for court expenses and bail. The entire strike, itemized only in such lump figures, cost about $3,500,000. Only about $1,500,000 went for strike benefits. Nine hundred thousand dollars of the employers' securities were also spent. Previous strikes in the industry have cost from 50 per cent to 200 per cent less.

Of the 33,000 cloakmakers more than 20,000 work under the jobber-submanufacturer system. During the first ten weeks of the strike the General Strike Committee settled with independent submanufacturers employing 16,000 workers. These workers actually overproduced for the market during the rest of the strike. The settlements made with these independent speak-easies included the 40-hour week, an average 10 per cent increase in wages, a 30-week employment guaranty, and limitation of contractors, in principle. But this mid-strike settlement turned the struggle against the Industrial Council of the big inside manufacturers instead of against the jobbers-submanufacturers system, leaving out also the organized jobbers and submanufacturers, who employ 10,000 workers.

The leading intermediaries between the General Strike Committee and the various groups of employers were Rubin Sadowsky, who was running a non-union shop throughout the strike, and Arnold Rothstein, who some years ago had been implicated in a baseball scandal. It is rather amusing that the revolutionary idealists who scorned "class collaboration" with Messrs. Battle, Lehman, Shientag, Wolf, and Rogers of the Governor's commission, could work with Messrs. Sadowsky and Rothstein.

Finally the strike against the Industrial Council was settled. The inside manufacturers won the right of a 30 per cent reorganization during the period of eighteen months between June, 1927, and December, 1928. The union won a guaranty of 32 weeks a year based on the 42-hour week until July, 1928, and a 40-hour week after that until June, 1929. But since the average work-year in these large shops is about 38 weeks based on the 44-hour week, this gain is quite metaphysical. The union received certain increases in the minimum wages in various operations above those of the Governor's report, but these operations affect only about 800 out of 7,000 workers. The union also won the limitation of submanufacturers employed by the big inside manufacturers, but since the inside manufacturers send out little work, this victory is also rather academic.

On December 13 the General Executive Board of the union suspended the Joint Board's right to conduct the strike. Finally Sigman settled with the organized jobbers and submanufacturers without giving them the right of reorganization.

Since then the Sigman administration, with dubious legality, has suspended the left wing Joint Board entirely. There can be no doubt that the Sigman administration won. Nine-tenths of the rank and file of the cloakmakers have registered with the reorganized right Joint Board. The suspended Joint Board fought this registration with violence and, naturally, tried to hamper the International in every way, claiming the right to collect dues and to perform all the other legal functions of the Joint Board. But though Sigman won, he won a Pyrrhic victory. A union is effective to the degree to which it can enforce its standards. In this sense there is hardly anything left of the old International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. The union is so weak that the Industrial Council also has weakened, for many manufacturers do not feel the pressure to stay in. The jobbers give out their work almost to whom they please. The submanufacturers practically do as they please.

In the next article I shall deal with the fortunes of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Furriers' Union; and take a brief look into the future of the American tailor.

Biography

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

There was a man could summon without toil
Beetles out of the brown wall crevices,
The horned toad and startled mantises
And dry Arachne spinning in her coil.

And whether Francis wound him in a cloak
Jeweled with pity, or Merlin as some guess
For whom the acorns sang, nevertheless
He bent his brows upon the earth and spoke.

And sparrows fell about him like a cloud—
Sparrows and linnets, twittering of peace,
And the tall grass sighed "brother" at his knees
And every sapling bowed.

He walked serenely in the world of men
With late adventure shining in his eyes.
He died as gently as a linnet dies
And spring closed round again.

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Modern Gipsies

By LOIS E. BURIFF BROWN

IN March the first line of straggling cars runs north from California. By June twenty thousand tent ropes are tied across automobiles every night. Women are stopping in good camps to do their washing and bake a pie. Women uncombed, with big coats on, sauntering to the dressing-rooms in the morning, look curiously at licenses from Louisiana and Alaska; and sunburned country-folk, with packs on their running-boards, nervously and happily break the traffic rules of new cities.

The large camp where forty thousand people with fourteen thousand cars register in one season and the small camp one discovers unaided are both as natural for the American nomad as his wild huckleberry patches and his crowded dancing grounds to the Indian. There are two kinds of large camps, the holiday and the hard-working. The latter is the fifty-cent city camp, chained and fenced from the dust of curious outsiders, with a policeman by the turnstile through which campers saunter at evening with bread and hamburger from the stores across the street.

Then there is the holiday large camp. Take, for example, the one on Mount Rainier on Saturday night. A white mist blurs the camp. Flames of camp-fires for half a mile around. Chopping. Shouts. Engines of cars toiling in from the last relay up the mountain. Voices hunt and call through the thin mist. "Over here, Harry. Here's a good place to pitch the tent." "Where can you get water?"

Late suppers all over the camp. It is an unguarded army of week-enders on the flank of a mountain with the darkness of firs around the edges, and in the mist above the hidden presence of the mountain. Figures move near each camp-fire. It is cold. Beams from the automobile searchlights send long edges into the air. Now tiny tents far around glow and the camp-fires get dim. Carelessly, the army is going to bed. A voice calls and plays alone at yelling. Then unknown voices yell answeringly. Barbaric, unarticulate cries howl from the shelter of tents. Then silence.

Fourteen thousand feet up in the morning sunshine, the mountain lies radiant. Small paths lead up through green and firs. By eight the camp is deserted. By ten the people are trickling back with handfuls of snow and sticks whittled for alpen-stocks. "Well, we've seen the mountain. We might as well be going."

By Tuesday all these local people are gone and the spirit of the camp is changed. From Monday to Friday the hard-working tourists from British Columbia and Minnesota, from Alberta and California keep a quiet camp, changing, animated, but unhilarious. A car with "Frum Mizzoury, by heck," chalked across the back, struggles up to a high camping place. On a knoll arrives a man from Pennsylvania. He says: "I made good money for four years. Now we're taking a year off on the road." He is generous about showing his camp equipment. The metal bed poles support the tent. His wife's cooking utensils all fit into one another. In the morning he calls us to see him take down the tent and fit together his pack.

A Tyrolese woman, whose husband brought her to his farm in California five years ago, says: "I just sit and look at the mountain. It is grand. These people who come and look at it and go away—!" Her dark eyes laugh scornfully.

A beautiful roadster runs easily up to the Pennsylvania man's deserted knoll. Two tall slender girls in khaki, school-teachers from Texas, get out and set up camp in ten minutes. They have been on the road for two years.

"Hey, there's a car stuck." Strangers from nearby camps gather, unasked, to push it up the steep place, with the same family spirit in which they will diagnose your engine trouble and admire ingenuity in your equipment.

The small camp has another flavor. We drive all day, and toward evening begin to look for a public camp. "This one looks crowded. Let's go on." The sun has set, and we have entered the forest reserve. A lonely boulevard flows around the edge of a mountain lake. We sweep along with an anxious eye, doing our duty by the sunset, but we are looking for a stopping-place. A solitary car passes us unlighted, like a twilight bird.

At last, "There are lights!"

"It's somebody's private place. See the boat tied."

But then a rustic arch, a name. "There are people. Get out and read the sign."

It is a free government "forest camp." We sign in the visitor's book. We camp on shingle, with the lake lapping in the dark below us, hunt water contentedly in the strange camp, cover our bread for the night from possible squirrels, and locate the east to set our strawberries out of the morning sun. In bed in the car we watch our neighbors. It is a small camp, with few voices and the rush of a little cascade silencing the air. The lights of the cars here and there among the smooth tree columns make a yellowness out of which the cedars rise indefinitely.

"Do you want a light to get your supper by?" A stranger adjusts his searchlight for a group making the small, laborious motions of camp meal-getting. Their faces are white in its light.

Sunrise and shadows of mountains launched into the clouds. Small, idle splashings of children, of face-washers in the lake. A scurry of two bathers.

"Are you going out, stranger? Would you mail a couple of letters for me?"

"How's the road to the ocean?"

"Don't go up to the hot springs. Nothing to see when you get there."

"How far are you figuring to make today? Let's see your road map." Long-winded talks with strangers, one foot on the running-board.

Most of the cars in camp are medium and small. Cadillacs tour, too—but with suitcases, not tents. They pass on the road closed, with their small roomful of people conversing, whose memories are of good and bad hotels, who are ignorant of waking at sunrise and being out-of-doors, of cooking breakfast in the shady air and living in an unslackened intimacy with the planet that enriches one with unregarded acquaintances and with unprevisioned moments of beauty. The adventure of the random camp is not for them. As when we rushed over a divide on a one-way twist of road in a blinding rain at twilight and down to a green govern-

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ment camp, where a woman came over from the only other car there and offered: "Do you want to make tea on our fire?" She kept a grocery in Seattle. Or when, out of a stormy night, there greeted us the long shed at Wilbur, electric lighted, with people sitting around a range in the light. It looks infinitely cozy. With delicious snugness, we back Lizzie into a chosen stall. Mother takes the damp pillows and sits by the range, too, letting them toast in the oven, while I make camp. We discover showers, hot water, and electric ranges as well, for our fifty cents a night.

But it is not all leisure and gaiety in the camps. Before daylight in a pay-camp comes the sound of hacking wood. A man with a Ford squats holding his hands out to his fire in the cement stove. Monotonous whimpering. His wife appears and then one child after another. In the gray light the top sags, the pack seems to overflow rags and nothing else; there is no apparent place for the children to have slept. Oklahoma is the license. But in another camp a fine car from Florida, with a complement of eight children, has an outfit that the owner happily expects you to admire and himself to explain to you. And, frying bacon in the open cook pavilion, with its spokes of huge brick stoves around the single chimney, we joyfully hail that bride and groom from Canada whom we met three weeks ago.

Dolly, a horse we had in pre-Ford days, used to stop calmly to look around at the view from hills, and many a time I have felt that Lizzie, too, deserved to enjoy a fine view with us. One has all kinds of odd car feels, sprouts in the psychology of the machine age. For instance, two little girls were on a sand-pile by the road at dusk. One stood still. Why was she not afraid of a monster like me, with my long black snout and my two great eyes goggling her? For a dreamy moment, the nose, the headlights were felt as if projections of me. Once we passed a big car boiling up a steep grade.

"No wonder it's steaming," I said. "There's a tent roll on each side of the hood."

"Ah!" mother exclaimed with intense pity, then smiled at herself. "My first thought was that the poor thing couldn't breathe."

In three years the aspect of the camps has brightened and grown unconventional. The white and khaki tents hanging on from the days of long, stable camping are leavened by gay pavilions, green or striped with red or blue. Nothing looks wilder or more alien than the auto camp at Mount Baker at dusk, when the log fires are reflected in the dark glacial pond, and beyond the few storm-bitten fortresses of firs the irregular plateau plunges into blueness with dark blue ranges beyond and the high wall of talus like the abomination of desolation at one side of the camp. Then, in the cold July air khaki and red-kerchiefed figures hold one's eyes like a foreign novel, as small activities group and rearrange them between the water, the fires, and the striped pavilions.

It is an alien scene. But it is alien from all the world, from New Jersey as well as from Europe. It is a scene from the new world of a nation of gipsies, friendly with machines instead of horses. And distinguished Britishers from standard sleepers, limousines, and hotel lobbies view America disparagingly all the way from New York to Sioux City, find it much the same, and go home to their own land of "hole and corner variety," never knowing that America begins beyond the Rockies, with a tin Lizzie or a Buick and no particular goal for the night.

The Story of Tom Tynan

By CELIA BALDWIN

ALL capital punishment is tragedy; but nowhere has it resulted in more heart-breaking tragedy than in the State of Colorado, where it has caused the downfall of Tom Tynan—once one of the bravest and most humane men alive.

In the spring of 1909 Tom Tynan was made Warden of the Colorado State Prison at Canon City, and in three years he had earned the honorable and affectionate title of "A Mender of Men." Everywhere his name was known as a worker almost of miracles with "society's mistakes." Today Tom Tynan is gone. Within a few months he has been forced to resign because of his cruelty to prisoners.

How did this change come about? In my mind there is no doubt that capital punishment is largely responsible for the transformation. The warden of the prison must act as executioner for those doomed to be killed by the State. For this service to society he is paid $50 for each man he hangs and the sheriff is paid $25 for looking on.

Up to August, 1912, Tom Tynan had somehow avoided acting as man-killer. Not long before that date, however, a murderer was sentenced to be hanged at the Colorado State Prison. Louis J. Wechter had held up the cashier in a restaurant and a man who interfered in her behalf was shot dead. There seemed to be no doubt as to Wechter's guilt. But Tom Tynan was well known as an earnest opponent of capital punishment. What would he do? Some said he would resign rather than violate his principles. A few of his friends urged that course while others advised against it; but it was finally announced in the newspapers of May 8 that "Warden Tynan said yesterday that he would execute Wechter on August 25, and that the execution would be witnessed only by those authorized by law." But his well-known antipathy to capital punishment left a feeling of hope with one side and of uneasy doubt with the other. Newspapers discussed the probabilities and feeling on the subject ran high. Was ever man put to harder test than Tom Tynan? He chose. He kept his position and let his principles "go hang"—with Louis Wechter.

Not long after the hanging came rumors of insubordination among the prisoners followed by brutal reprisals on the part of the warden; but many doubted the truth of them. His three years as a "Mender of Men" had won him such a warm place in the public esteem that he was almost idolized; and we all want to keep our idols. Nevertheless, the rumors persisted with such frequency that finally, while William E. Sweet was Governor, an investigation of the prison resulted in an effort to remove Tynan. Legal obstacles prevented his dismissal at that time, and he remained in office until recently when his resignation was finally forced.

Sometime ago an editorial in one of the Denver dailies said of Tom Tynan's collapse:

> When he took office and for sometime thereafter he was given praise by experts for reforms he introduced and for humane practices he put into effect. . . . Of recent years, however, what has escaped from inside the penitentiary has been of another character. . . . Environment, association must have their influence upon those in responsible positions in such a place.

To my mind Tom Tynan is more to be pitied than the various persons he has done to death at the bidding of a

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vengeful society. And even more is that society to be pitied. No wonder gunmen can be hired to shoot a stranger on sight for $5 when a civilized government pays a prison warden only $50 for hanging a man he has cared for in sickness and health through weeks and months. To shoot and run must be easy compared to standing by and watching one of your wards kick and strangle.

As long as governments set the example of wholesale and retail murder in war and capital punishment, so long shall we have lynching and private murder. Lawmakers must reform themselves before they can expect even the beginning of reform among those who have a right to look up to them as examples. Murder, legal or otherwise, will not bring respect for human life. In the fate of poor Tom Tynan is a lesson that cannot be too deeply pondered.

In the Driftway

"PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time" is an old adage. For all the Drifter knows it is out of the Bible or was invented by the Chinese, which would establish its respectability but not necessarily prove it to be true. In the Drifter's experience procrastination is often a saver of time, although it is generally annoying to others. It is told of W. S. Gilbert that upon arriving on the dot for a rehearsal of one of his plays he was congratulated for his promptness. "Don't congratulate me," he answered. "I've lost more time through arriving at places promptly than in any other way in life."

* * * * *

TAKE the answering of letters. If you let them wait long enough, many letters answer themselves—or don't need to be answered. The Drifter speaks from abundant experience. In self-depreciation he sometimes calls himself a "bad correspondent," yet he knows in his heart that he is an efficient one. Like most other people he receives by mail enough appeals for money for various causes to bankrupt Henry Ford—or even a bootlegger. But it would be heartless to throw them away on the spot. So the Drifter lets the letters lie around on his desk for a week or so in the pretense that he may send something. Then when they are covered with dust he furtively pushes them into the waste-basket to make room for a new pile.

* * * * *

RECENTLY, though, an appeal arrived which he couldn't refuse. The Crippled Children's Relief Association sent him three handkerchiefs with his initials on them. The Drifter expected that the letter accompanying would ask for a check or the return of the handkerchiefs. He was preparing to follow his usual course of throwing both handkerchiefs and letter into the waste-basket at once and forgetting about them. But the letter did not say that. It asked him to accept the handkerchiefs as a gift. If he wanted to do something for the crippled children, a contribution of a dollar or more would be thankfully received. This was first-class strategy. The handkerchiefs were cheap and worthless, but the Drifter realized that he could not forbear to send that dollar. As usual, though, he procrastinated for a week or so, before mailing it. A few days later he read in the newspapers that the scheme was a fraud. The Crippled Children's Relief Association consisted of some sharpers who had rented an office, sent out their appeal, mulcted a gullible public, and then disappeared with a small fortune. The Drifter thought the joke was worth a dollar and was willing to let it go at that. But the other day an envelope arrived from the dead-letter office in which the dollar was returned intact. Owing to his happy habit of procrastination the Drifter's letter had arrived after the swindlers had skipped, and was therefore not delivered. Thus the Drifter has had the satisfaction of philanthropy, the pleasure of a joke, and his dollar is back in his pocket. Or was. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Cabled Appeal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I urge you to assist in arousing and organizing the American people against participating in the threat of imperialist aggression against revolutionary China. The American cruiser Cincinnati with nine other American warships is part of the imperialist fleet of thirty-five vessels here with guns directed against the only Government of the Chinese people. The Nationalist Government and the Chinese people are displaying wonderful ability in organization and leadership. They are crushing the militarists who have kept China in a condition of feudalism and are rebuilding China on progressive lines. The greatest forward step in the history of a great nation of four hundred millions is menaced by imperialist intervention. The shameful participation of American forces must rouse the indignation and protest of every friend of China and of human freedom. Intervention is a threat not only against China but also against world peace. All the forces of peace must be mobilized to prevent disaster by withdrawing American armed forces from Chinese waters and territory.

Hankow, China, April 26 EARL BROWDER

This Foreman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I inclose a copy of my letter to Mr. Bellew, who wanted to know what This Foreman was about:

MY DEAR MR. BELLEW:

It's rather dangerous to attempt to explain any poem. I feel that a poem must be experienced as it occurs (I prefer *experienced* to *understood*) and that we can go little farther than build up associations common to both writer and reader.

Digressing from This Foreman for a moment, I believe that those of us who love poetry do so in spite of our academic education. At least educational methods do little more than inform us that poetry exists and that it has been a force in the world. The classroom, it seems to me, implies translations equivalent to alchemy. We stress one aspect, the meaning, out of proportion to its value by assuming that every poem has a prose equivalent. A passage is read, and the instructor says to the student: "Now put that into your own words," which is nearly as absurd as asking him to change Chopin into a Fordson tractor.

I am trying, not to defend obscure poetry, but to protest against "explaining" in the all too familiar sense that it robs the poem of its identity as poetry and develops specious appreciation by analogy.

To me my foreman is a modern manifestation of what the ancients expressed in such gods as Vulcan. In the poem we find an honest man ridiculed in court for telling the truth. He saw a workman fall from a steel building frame and heard the foreman sing a malevolent, ironical song. Some sort of litigation, say insurance, is under way. The foreman has just testified, lying superbly to the effect that

> He slid like a flash to the dead man's side
> And gave the dead first aid.

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The witness, however, sticks to his story that the foreman sang like a swan. I repeat the classic convention about the swan purely as a convention to intensify the foreman's supernaturalness amid realistic characters. The whole business is ridiculous. When the bailiff pounds for order anybody with a sense of humor would have shouted, "Tin, tin, come in" or something equally childish; but the court proceeds in its orderly way. The spectators are fascinated by the foreman who "licks the slit in his crooked head." Well, they try to find out what the song is about, although nobody believes that the foreman sang; so the poor witness sees it through, describing the song as best he can.

The force of the song is something like this: that the colossal modern buildings are steel traps that destroy their eager, sincere builders—not specifically the steel workers themselves unless they be included in the vast number of human animals whose passion is to live their business.

> For he sang of the living lives of men
> As if the steel had spanned
> Their lives with something true and cold
> That nobody had planned.

The foreman was delighted when a workman fell dead. This man was simply a symbol of the building's countless victims of the future. The foreman, of course, knows that the witness is telling the truth. They walk down the hall together to get their fees. The witness wants to know more about the song:

> "Explain the hounds to me."
> "Not here, fool, climb the steel tonight,
> The moon goes down at three."

The lovers referred to in the song are any lovers and the hounds are any hounds, depending on the reader. The important thing is simply that passion is being ensnared by a steel net. To me, of course, the lovers are Venus and Mars and the hounds are the hounds of love always associated with the Cyprian goddess.

Denver, Colorado, April 14 THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

A Different Decade?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hastened to read "The Mauve Decade" because I thought the period of 1890 deserved something hard for its twittering sentimentality, its "ginger-bread" architecture, its political corruption. But why this reiterated furore about Frances Willard and Louisa Alcott? With all the author's humorless scorn he has shown up these poor girls as no more harmful, say, than Alice Paul or Florence Kelley. And what is the author's age—19 or 20?—that he, apparently, hates a man because he is old?

Should not complacent and vainglorious Americans of *any* decade thank God for a critic like Henry Adams? Yet this mauve author refers to him as obscenely as an unsober freshman. Let us hope that some balanced author will show up the manias, the ugliness, and the infantile tantrums of *this* decade.

Berkeley, California, April 8 M. WHEELER

Friendship and Intermarriage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Suspecting a slight sympathy on my part toward friendliness between white and colored college students, an American lady told me with some heat that all kinds of friendliness ought to be opposed which might possibly lead to intermarriage.

What is the answer? I can conceive three lines of argument: (1) That the biological evil of intermarriage, between persons similar enough to attract each other, has yet to be scientifically proved; (2) that social intercourse has not in fact increased intermarriage; and that the social gulf in the old South did not in fact prevent the begetting of children of mixed race; (3) that the maintenance of a social cleavage through the heart of the nation and the nation's schools would be too expensive insurance against a doubtful evil. Which is right?

Iowa City, Iowa, April 6 H. M. W.

Why Was the Book Published in Paris?
Why Not?
Have Not Great Books Originated in Paris Before?

"The Case of Mr. Crump"

BY

Ludwig Lewisohn

(author of Up-stream, Israel, Roman Summer, etc.)

is one of such great books brought out in Paris, in beautiful generous format, on choice Holland paper, with large margins, in the true French bibliophile manner, limited to Five Hundred numbered copies, signed by the author.

Golden Praise from Great Writers:

H. L. MENCKEN, in the March *American Mercury:*

"It is a capital piece of work,—and the publisher has printed it beautifully. Lewisohn has achieved a portrait of an indelible reality and poignancy."

SINCLAIR LEWIS:

"The Case of Mr. Crump is to me very remarkable in its strength, its lucidity and that nobility which distinguishes authentic literature."

CARL VAN DOREN:

"Powerful and masterly."

THEODORE DREISER:

The vivid, incisive style . . . its facility, its compelling interest are undeniable. The work must prove arresting to many—very many."

PROF. WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD:

"The work is Ludwig Lewisohn's biggest and best."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, in *The Nation:*

"Mr. Lewisohn's book challenges comparison with various ultra-modern novels, but it is set apart from them all by two faiths—the one artistic, the other moral—that its author has managed to retain. . . . Perhaps Lewisohn is the only man alive capable of writing such a book and capable at the same time of maintaining that the world which it describes is something more than sound and fury."

A small number of remaining copies of The Case of Mr. Crump (already a collectors' item) may still be had at $12.00 the signed and numbered copy, from the publisher, to whom checks are to be made payable:

EDWARD W. TITUS
4, Rue Delambre, 4
Montparnasse, PARIS, XIV.

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Books and Plays

Epitaph on a First Citizen

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

Here lies the pride of our metropolis
Now headed for the shadowy halls of Dis,
Rich in those things man sells his life to own:
Item—a swelling fortune out on loan,
Item—one bank, solvent, serene, and Greek,
A rotund dowager, massaged and sleek,
Item—some tidy firsts, a farm or two,
One pressed brick mansion, landscaped, with a view,
Item—two bovine daughters, big with child,
Item—one son, reported very wild,
Last heard from somewhere in Afghanistan,
Item—two maids, chauffeur and handy-man,
One dim old master, several antique chairs,
A Moslem rug adorned with Moslem prayers,
Item—one soul hidden beneath this clutter.
Death, mend its wings a bit and let it flutter.

First Glance

"WE all piled out of bed about the same time and while I took in the furnishings of the room and gazed through the window at the sun peeping over the hill, the sound of the bell still ringing in my ears which reminded me of the Angelis. It gave me the feeling of awakening in a foreign land. I was three miles from town, but felt like I was three thousand miles from friends and country. I suppose the atmosphere of the place had penetrated my brains during the night giving me the feeling of a total stranger." Thus Ed Sweeney, author of "Poorhouse Sweeney: Life in a Country Poorhouse" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50), on his first morning in the poor, weak world his book describes. Theodore Dreiser, who contributes a foreword, promises the reader that "the author does somehow infuse into this narrative the glow of reality—the strangeness of a world one has never penetrated, yet which can no longer be wholly strange once one has read this." Mr. Dreiser is right. It is a unique and real book, and curiously enough, considering the meanness of the material, it glows—though the light it casts is pale and is mingled with the pale, dead, disinfected odor of county institutions. One cannot doubt for a moment that this is life, even if it is life in its lowest terms, at its lowest ebb—with most of the water shrunk from the shore and with the smell of slowly rotting creatures everywhere. Ed Sweeney is only half aware of the human bareness of his scene. Were he altogether so, he not only would be elsewhere but would consider the place beneath anyone's notice. Were he not aware at all, he would be incapable of a book. So we have, doubtless in exactly the proper light, paupers dragging out the remnants of their lives in mutual distrust and loathing, in the midst of ignorant laughter, mechanical desires for food and rocking chairs, and pitiful thoughts about justice and sex. There are other realms of reality; but this is one. And it is fitting that Mr. Dreiser, who represents "realistic" fiction at its best, should recommend it.

The first chapter of "An American Saga," by Carl Christian Jensen (Little, Brown: $2.50), explores another realm of reality, and explores it gorgeously. Mr. Jensen, who grew up in Denmark and after some years at sea landed in New York and became an American, begins his book with an account of The Old Country which would be difficult to match in all this branch of literature for vividness, color, and speed. Going to the old saga-writers for technique and plunging into his own memory for material, he gives us thick and fast the data for reconstructing a world which is of course no more true than Ed Sweeney's, but certainly a thousand times as vigorous. There was his towering grandfather, for instance, who to others was angry and terrible but to this boy was the only affectionate person in Denmark. "He liked to have me visit him on the farm. At night we slept together, the old giant and I. A piece of rope hung from the ceiling over his bed, by means of which he would raise himself in the morning. He lay there the night long, embracing me with his huge, muscular arms, while I snuggled up to him hungrily." But then in the second chapter Mr. Jensen tells how he grew sentimental about the sea, and before long he is in America—which, for all the philosophy he pretends to have found there, ruins his book if it has not ruined him. The viking grows tame, and from having talked like nobody else talks like everybody, except that he is a little more incoherent. After page 70 I was not interested—nor, I suspect, was that portion of Mr. Jensen which writes sagas.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Men Nobody Knows

Business and the Church. Edited by Jerome Davis. The Century Company. $2.50.

FOOLS we were to think that He was the Man of Sorrow. Of course now we know better. If Bruce Barton and not Judas had made His contacts there need have been no Calvary. For the Man Nobody Knew was a good mixer, who could tell a parable or two and is now breaking through the sales resistance of over nineteen centuries. Today "those employers . . . who dare to be experimental in creating industrial brotherhood" recognize that His is the best policy; so Mr. Jerome Davis informs us. Accordingly, Mr. Davis dedicates this book to the authors of these Acts. This modern Hieronymus vulgarizes for our guidance the spirit of the Lord as it shines through the martyred lives of high-powered executives. "This collection of sermons and facts from business men" satisfies in him "a crying need . . . to get away from mere platitudinous idealism to its practical translation in the working realms of day-by-day life." "All honor to the brave group" of apostles "who are making their business accord with their ideal," thereby laying "concrete the Christ way!"

The first apostle on this macadamized *via dolorosa* startled me a bit, I must confess. He is an old acquaintance. John Calder, after years of self-denial as manager of the Remington and Cadillac works, began his active ministry at Swift's, among the simple herdsmen of the Stockyards. I dealt with his ministry at length in *The Nation* of January 25, 1922. The theme of my then heathen commentary was the stock-yards strike; how he broke its pagan spirit and then perfected a covenant to keep it broken; how the compelling power of his revelation spread like wildfire among the Big Five packers; how he suffered at $100,000 annually for his vision of the perfect company union. Now, after five long years, we can still hear his prophetic voice: "Is there balm in Gilead? Yes! Is there a physician? Yes! I believe the answer to the Sphinx is still the same: 'Man! Man! Man!'" Finally this apocalyptic cry rises to ecstasy: "The Christian liver . . . *demands* social justice for his fellowman, but *refuses* it for himself, as his Master did." I bow my head in shame. Forgive me, St. John Calder, for I knew not

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what I did when I counted you among the strike-breakers.

My higher criticism of the other epistles is complicated by the certain knowledge that quite a few of them were not written by those who signed them, an exegetic problem especially difficult for the practicing journalist, who is apt to be prejudiced against apostles who write their messages through "ghosts." Still, it is the spirit of these messages which counts. So we go on. Next comes Henry Ford. He signs an Act on The Need of Social Blue-Prints. These are fundamentally the same as he uses in the Rouge River plant. "Humanics," the sympathetic editor explains. Social ethics can be automatized, measured, and its measurements enforced. All else is "platitudinous idealism."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is introduced by the enumeration of splendid gifts from his father's money. He recapitulates his well-known revolutionary doctrine of the John D. Junior Republic. The constitution of this industrial commonwealth was born of his vicarious revolutionary experience in the Rockefeller properties at Ludlow, Colorado, on April 19, 1914, when men, women, and children were shot down in their tents by machine-guns. It was framed in the constitutional convention of Curtis, Fosdick, and Belknap. "The parties to industry are four in number. They are capital, management, labor, and the community," Mr. Rockefeller posits with the lucidity of greatness; which leads him to conclude for the American plan: the self-determination of the Rockefeller plants. Of course, the founding fathers of this constitution in the offices of Curtis, Fosdick, and Belknap took all possible precautions against the industrial rotten borough. How?

The answer is supplied by Arthur H. Young, one of the "Industrial Relations Counselors" in these offices. Mr. Young broke the strike at the International Harvester Company soon after Mr. Calder brought peace to the packers. It was out of this experience that he developed his plan of industrial democracy. To prevent further trouble at the International Harvester he established such a scientific suffrage method that by its use the workers are enabled to outlaw their own grievances—to the satisfaction of their other "partners" in industry. They vote on "data" furnished by the company "research" staff. These experts—psychologists, economists, "social engineers" of all kinds—furnish them with Job Analyses, Mental Tests, Production Costs, studies in the physiological chemistry of fatigue, in the physics of light and plumbing, in the statistics of waste. The workers are presented with the findings of the Taylor Society, the American Management Association, and the National Industrial Conference Board. Whereupon they check up all these "data" against the latest theory of wages. By this deductive process they realize the fallacy of trade unionism, and vote themselves a wage cut and an increase in hours whenever necessary.

Among the other followers of Christ is Mr. Edward A. Filene, the Boston department storekeeper and industrial aesthete, who pleads for more beauty in business, since beauty, he holds with Hegel, is also truth and goodness; Mr. Sam A. Lewisohn, psychoanalyst to big business, who would sublimate its labor complex into taking over the functions of the labor movement; Mr. Whiting Williams, an overall-sociologist, tells of his tramping on industrial life (with letters of credit) until he discovered that labor is quite human under the skin; President Green of the American Federation of Labor pleads for "life more abundantly." Of all the twenty-three articles on attitudes and experiments in "creative good-will" only those dealing with the efforts at Hart Schaffner and Marx, at the Dennison Manufacturing Company, at the Columbia Conserve Company, and at the A. Nash Clothing Company are not specious.

But the noblest contribution comes from the pen of Mr. Roger W. Babson, the St. Francis of "The Babson Statistical Community." "Do Praying Fathers Have Preying Sons?—No!" is the topic of his discourse to the birds and trees of Beverly Hills. The burden of his talk is that religion and success go hand in hand. "The great packers are intensely religious men. Mr. Louis F. Swift supports . . . an institution for preparing young men for the Presbyterian ministry. . . . The McCormicks, of harvester machinery fame, founded a great theological school. Mr. Henry P. Crowell, head of the Quaker Oats Company, has for years been the head of the Moody Bible School. . . ."

By this time even the moles come up to listen. "There may be many collars that are as good as Arrow collars," our St. Francis dubiously continues, "many breakfast foods that are as good as Toasted Corn Flakes. . . . However, Mr. Cluett of Cluett, Peabody and Company has been president of the Y. M. C. A. of Troy for many years, Kellogg is probably the leading Seventh-Day Baptist in this country." Many other great business leaders either spring from theological loins or patronize theological works. The conclusion is irresistible: "Prayer and religion, as developed by our churches, are the foundations of achievement in . . . modern American business."

Of course it is a silly book. Its economics is pure bunk, its psychology is hokum, it is naive in its social politics, it is unbelievably confused. Yet it is quite significant in its liberal pretensions. Mr. Davis appreciates that the Babbittry is not confined to the conservative sections of society. He sells a liberal Bartonism to the simpletons in liberal and radical circles, to the undiscriminating followers of all left theories, no matter how mutually exclusive these might be. Lenin's writings on the eternal Menshevik analyze with wonderful acuteness the vagaries and intellectual fears of this type of mind, whose tolerance springs from a wish to eat and have the cake of intellectual courage.

But the most difficult thing to forgive is all this trading in the name of Jesus. One need not believe in His divinity, or even in His social doctrine or psychology, to feel a sense of outrage at this performance. He went forth to reconcile virtue and reason, and He discovered that they could not be found except in tragedy. To compare the terrible road of his brief ten-months' ministry, which led straight, ineluctably, and consciously into the swords of power, with the ways of the company union and all its rationalized cavortings is incredibly stupid and execrably vulgar. The company union is successful for a very simple reason. Modern industry cannot function under the antiquated, craft-jealous trade union. And since the trade union is too impotent to modernize into an industrial union, the employer is introducing it—to his own advantage.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Brilliant Beginning

Migrations. By Evelyn Scott. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

EVELYN SCOTT'S new novel is, according to the critical analysis on the jacket, a study of the effect of the idea of freedom introduced into the community of Mimms, Tennessee, in 1850. Because of it the society of the ante-bellum South undergoes a complete disintegration and that disintegration is typified in a single family. Its head dies, one of the slaves runs away north, and of the two sons each breaks in his own way with the traditions of his race, the one wandering across Panama on his way to the gold-fields of California and the other turning to trade in his native village.

Those who have read Mrs. Scott's previous novels do not need to be told of either her power to evoke an exotic scene or her capacity for the minute analysis of character. In her hands the present romantic, almost epic story becomes a series of intimate experiences, and where one would expect large sweeping gestures one gets instead intense, minutely developed scenes and brilliant bits of realistic character analysis which suggest anything but the romantic or the epic tradition. Considering her characters not as heroic figures but as essentially ordinary people who happen to have been born at a time when circumstance forced adventures upon them, she has written a historic novel as though it were a modern one, and as a result she has made of it

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something which is colorful without being, as most colorful things are, remote.

Yet for all the admiration which the fine texture of the book must arouse it cannot be denied that the author has neither fitted her material to the conventional form of the novel nor found a new and satisfactory one of her own; the further one proceeds in the reading of it the more scattered the interest becomes and the less possible it is for the author to draw the threads of her narrative into a single strand. Her story grows like a tree, branching out in every direction and becoming every instant more obviously incapable of being brought to any conclusion. New stories are continually begun before the previous ones have been even well started upon their way—fifteen pages near the end of the book are devoted to a detailed account of the ancestry and early experiences of a new character—and when one comes suddenly to the last page one seems merely to have finished the first volume of some gigantic work.

"Migrations" is, then, at once brilliant and disappointing. There is hardly a chapter, hardly a page even, that does not reveal talents amounting almost to genius, and yet the total effect is of something which failed to realize itself. In it is the material for half a dozen brilliant short stories and a score of vivid sketches, but there is no climax whatever and scarcely any cumulative effect, so that any one of the parts is more effective than the whole, and one is left with a never-to-be-satisfied interest in six or eight diverse people scattered over the whole face of America. Its theme is, to be sure, announced by the title. Its characters are wanderers diffusing themselves throughout the country and finally to be swallowed up by its vastness; but they are made too vivid to be thus vaguely disposed of. Mrs. Scott has made them individuals, she has caused us to feel for them an intimate concern, and one seems to have been deliberately cheated when they are left in mid-career with their fates not even foreshadowed and with decisive turnings yet to be taken. From a novelist who knows them so intimately, who has described in such details their minds and their actions, one has a right to expect some sort of completeness; it is merely irritating to have every conclusion withheld.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Hindu Bible

The Religion and Philosophy of the Veda and Upanishads. By Arthur Berriedale Keith. Harvard Oriental Series. Volumes 31 and 32. Harvard University Press. $10.

PREVIOUS books in English on the religion and philosophy of the Veda have lacked either the scope or the exactness of this one. Some of the German and French treatments are almost as full, but each by its devotion to some theory of its own that has since been shown untenable is now suspect. And more important yet is the fact that Vedic studies have progressed so much since the publication of the last such work that a new discussion is pertinent. Keith's work, therefore, is timely both for non-specialized English-speaking readers in the history of Indian religions and also for that more limited group of whatever tongue that is constantly on the alert for a solution of some ancient puzzle in Vedic philology.

The Vedic period actually begins before the Aryans invaded India and ends by about 500 B.C., when the principal Upanishads had been composed. As it closes, the great heresies of Jainism and Buddhism enter upon their conquering career. It is the period when the Indo-European naturalistic anthropomorphism that deified the sky, the wind, the dawn, and other phenomena developed into—or was supplanted by—the pessimism and acute and highly speculative metaphysics that to this day characterize India's religions and philosophies. Its literature includes the great hymn collections, the so-called "four Vedas" of which the "Rig Veda" is easily the eldest and the chief, with the "Atharva Veda" running next in importance, and the subsequent ancillary texts on theology, ritual practice, law, philosophy, with certain minor subjects, like grammar, thrown in. Collectively, under the term "Veda" used in its widest sense, it is the bible of Brahmanism and Hinduism, a bible never formally canonized yet more to the Hindu than the Bible is to the Christian, for it is the Bible and the Greek philosophers combined. It is the most important body of all Indian literature for the study of the country, modern as well as ancient.

The great merit of Keith's treatment of this period is his careful discussion of all disputed points, with plentiful reference to pertinent passages in the texts and the printed opinions of other scholars. If his work lacks a scintillating imagination that reinterprets the material on the basis of some new and brilliant theory, it also avoids the pitfalls that lie in the path of such theorizing. For the treatment is eminently sober, with the restraint that marks the best English scholarship as contrasted with the greater daring of the Continental. His feet never leave the earth. This conservatism makes the work thoroughly reliable, while those who wish the higher flights may be guided by the citations in the footnotes.

If this judicial reserve has a fault, it may lie in the reluctance to move ahead of one's time. Yet who will cast the stone here? To do so renders one liable to an avalanche in reply. Take, for example, the matter of non-Aryan, "Dravidian," elements in the formation of Indian thought. Shall we believe that the marked difference between the naive early Rig-Vedic faith and the subtleties of the highest Hinduism, which is for the most part under the spell of the Vedanta philosophy, is the result of a slow intellectual development wholly within the pale of Aryan culture, beginning with the skepticism and faltering speculations of the philosophical hymns of the later "Rig Veda," carrying on through similar hymns in the "Atharva Veda," then into the "Brahmanas," budding in the "Upanishads," and coming to full flower in the systems of Shankara and Ramanuja? Or shall we think that the pre-Aryan inhabitants of India were possessed of some fairly well-conceived notions of the universe; and that they, though conquered, civilized their conquerors and gave them these notions, which attained their complete form later when the two peoples had blended? Keith, with his eye on the preserved records, rejects the latter theory; for such positive evidence as they offer is all in favor of the former. And no one can justly blame him. Yet, negatively, there is something to be said for the theory of Dravidian origin of the most important Indian metaphysical concepts. Not by any means is Indian civilization solely a product of Aryan genius. Dravidian India, as well as northern India, has long had a civilization; while the recent excavations in the Indus Valley already show that there existed in India a well-developed culture long before any date which most reputable scholars would set for the Aryan irruption. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that advocacy of the Dravidian theory is likely, in the present absence of mathematical proof, to smack of prophecy rather than of science, and to be liable ultimately to the fate of other notable theories of even such distinguished scholars as Bergaigne and Oldenberg. And Keith is too sound to be a prophet.

It is indeed in many cases a comfort to find a theory examined critically and set aside as undemonstrated. If other scholars have done the work they are given the credit; if not, the errors are likely to be exposed anyhow. Thus, for example, there need be no regret that Deussen's neat schematization of Upanishadic thought should be rejected, or that other theories, some of lesser age, should be as cleanly brushed away, such as the numerous recent and ingenious ideas of Hertel concerning the door of heaven, the heavenly fire, and other matters. The ideas were doomed from birth, but a quick scotching is all the more welcome.

Keith's book has become, immediately on publication, the standard reference work on the thought of the Vedic period. We should like to couple it with a smaller and older work, Bloomfield's "Religion of the Veda" (1908). The latter with

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its luminous method, sparkling vocabulary, arresting phrase, and clear exposition is a literary achievement as well as a work of scholarship, and sketches in admirably the broad lines and contrasting colors of the picture. Keith's book gives the detail and shows where the lines are smudged and the colors indeterminate. The non-specialized English reader could well use the one to supplement the other.

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Strindberg the Sufferer

Strindberg, Leben und Dichtung. Von Erik Hedén. Aus dem Schwedischen von Julia Koppel. München: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. **13 marks.**

THIS excellent German version of a Swedish life of Sweden's greatest dramatist should find a sale in America, especially since it is not likely that we shall soon have anything equal to it in English. Strindberg has been played in Germany more than in his own country, and a number of his plays were produced in German before they were given in Swedish. But his ecstatic probings of aching hearts have left France, England, and America for the most part puzzled and cold. At the time of his death the *New Statesman* called him a "fifth-rate writer"; and if I am not mistaken there was no public commercial performance of a Strindberg play in the United States—there had been modest parlor performances—before 1912, the last year of the poet's life. Anglo-Saxons dislike him because he is outspoken and painful. Frenchmen dislike him because he is chaotic and unequal. But if it be true that he is a great writer who feels deeply and speaks his feelings truly and eloquently, Strindberg ranks with the great writers.

Erik Hedén has brought to his task an admirably complete and intimate knowledge of his subject's troubled life and his voluminous writing. He is almost too complete, one feels at times, for the purposes of a popular biography. These endless analyses, with their constant cross-references, like a dictionary of the characters in the "Comédie Humaine," will sometimes prove to the reader who is not already himself a Strindberg specialist to be dark with excessive light. The monotonously recurring conjectures as to what particular exterior events of the writer's life are embalmed in particular passages of his noble writing—the finest Swedish, says the philologist Adolf Noreen, which was written in Strindberg's generation—are wearisome many times and many times unconvincing. Strindberg was always writing about himself, we know; but his dealings with his pathetically misunderstood and misunderstanding dream-children, although no doubt set off in most cases by his dealings with his own flesh-and-blood children and his succession of flesh-and-blood wives—poor creatures!—and his other long-suffering terrestrial associates, would be several degrees more difficult to account for on the basis of physical experience than the dreams of the sane and stupid. Strindberg's literary output is the record of a long nightmare. Probably no other modern writer lived so completely in a world of his own.

Yet, though a playwright deals with stubborn facts, not with one man's dreams, Strindberg was a great playwright, one of the most effective of all the powerful modern group, richer in creative power than his magnificent rival Ibsen, though less influential because less rational. And he was an effective realistic novelist. Ludwig Lewisohn is probably right—and to that extent Erik Hedén wrong—in finding his most compelling work in the nervous naturalistic interval of the eighties rather than in the loose romanticism of the earlier and later periods. Like poor, demented Cassandra, discerning signs of events which escaped the wisest and sanest of her open-eyed countrymen, Strindberg has a frequent clairvoyant vision of the world of phenomena. When the Swedish people, in the year before his death, rose with a generous enthusiasm and gave this impecunious, much-divorced, quarrelsome, ungrateful, eccentric little

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quill-driver the noblest ovation ever accorded a writer of their race, they did instinctive homage, not only to an artist but to a prophet and a lover of mankind. Through the welter of violence and contradiction in this man's endless output of plays, novels, pamphlets, extravagant quasi-philosophy and quasi-science there runs a thread of real inspiration for which Sweden had come to be grateful.

All discussion of Strindberg must, of course, concern itself largely with his hysterical anti-feminism. Yet the conflict of the sexes is only one phase of the individual's struggle to adapt himself to his environment. Strindberg, one of the saddest cases in the history of the race of a square peg transferred from the structure of some other planet to a round hole in this terrestrial machine, eternally brings home the great lesson of tolerance and sympathy. We are all having a hard time here. It is impossible to read Strindberg's work or his life without a great swelling of the heart. That may be why a kind Providence allowed him to suffer so hideously.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

The People Next Door. By George Creel. The John Day Company. $4.

A sympathetic rendering of Mexico's political history from Cuauthemoc to Calles. Chiefly a rehash of what others have written, and better for the recent years on which less has been printed. Most valuable are the remarks in the foreword on intervention, directed at those "who have preached it so glibly" and "cannot possibly have thought it through."

The Parnell of Real Life. By William O'Brien. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7/6.

These reprinted essays and reviews throw light on some of the dark corners into which the Home Rule tangle drew both English and Irish politicians, but Mr. O'Brien, like his chief, was a "political animal," and in these days of psychological biography his book seems strangely old-fashioned in its absorption in politics and its failure to reveal anything of the inner Parnell.

Julia Marlowe: Her Life and Art. By Charles Edward Russell. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

A welcome and informed if somewhat stodgy biography by one whose admiration for Miss Marlowe is ardent and unending. Off stage he makes the lady appear as a rather amusing bas-bleu who "repeatedly pointed out" that free verse was only masquerading prose and who enriched the books of her library by such annotations as "Most Remarkable!" She doubted the uplifting effect of much modern drama but considered that she best expressed her disapproval by her "adherence to the role of the woman who does not fall when tempted." "The dramatic attraction of the woman who stays pure," she added, "is a subject in which I have always been interested." Such dicta give no pause to Mr. Russell's admiration.

Yerney's Justice. By Ivan Cankar. Vanguard Press, Inc. 50 cents.

Yerney, the peasant, had for forty years worked his master's farm. He had built the barns and the fine white house; his sweat was plowed into every acre. In the evening he had smoked his pipe in the chimney corner with the other men. But his master died and his master's son, the idler, whom Yerney had ordered about and driven to work, became the master. Yerney was dismissed, sent out into the world without job or home—Yerney, who believed himself the rightful master of the land he had tilled, the house and barns he had made. So Yerney set forth to look for justice. He stated his case to the mayor, to his fellow-villagers, to the urchins of the neighborhood; he told it to the district judge and to the offi-

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cials in the big city. He even went to Vienna to tell the Emperor, and found himself lodged in jail among people who could not speak his Slavic tongue. Yerney died without finding justice. But his story, as simple and almost as moral as a fable, has been told and retold in nearly every European language and is given the credit for various agrarian reforms in Central and Eastern Europe. Its author, Ivan Cankar, is known chiefly as Jugoslavia's greatest writer, a realist without ulterior purpose; but "Yerney's Justice," like Anatole France's "Crainquebille," is a powerful revolutionary tract.

Willobie His Avisa. Edited by G. B. Harrison. The Bodley Head Quartos. E. P. Dutton and Company.

This poem has won, because of the mystery that attaches to it, an attention from scholars which on aesthetic grounds it is far from deserving. It is the dull and dreary story of the pursuit of a virtuous woman by various suitors. But among the rejected suitors is a young man whose initials are "H. W." and who turns in his disappointment to his friend "W. S." The four letters are sufficient to provoke a mass of commentary. Apart from them it is evident to any reader that there is more in the poem than appears on the surface, and that its popularity for thirty years after its appearance was due to general knowledge that it possessed a secret meaning. Mr. Arthur Acheson's interpretation, involving "the dark lady of the sonnets" and the problem of Sir William D'Avenant's parentage, and much else, is well known. Mr. Harrison now offers a rival interpretation. He connects the chaste Avisa with a locality in the southwest of England which in turn is connected with Sir Walter Raleigh, and says that "Willobie His Avisa" is a reply to an attack upon Raleigh made by someone belonging to the circle of the Earl of Southampton. That "someone" may have been Shakespeare, and that "attack" may have been "The Rape of Lucrece."

The Preliminaries of the American Revolution as Seen in the English Press, 1763-1775. By Fred J. Hinkhouse. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

Professor Hinkhouse has searched, with commendable industry, the files of a considerable number of English newspapers and magazines of the early Revolutionary period in the hope of discovering what the average intelligent Englishman knew or thought about events in America and the course of the government in dealing with them. The results of his inquiry, while they add appreciably to our knowledge, do not materially change the view which later historians have taken of the English attitude toward the American controversy. Both the government and the opposition spoke of the war as a civil war, although they did not always use the phrase in the same sense, and the conception of the dispute as a struggle between two ideals of government as well as a test of strength between the colonies and the Crown appears to have been widely held. In England as in America, too, the landed and ecclesiastical interests sided generally with the prerogative, whereas the English nonconformists inclined to sympathy with their American brethren. Professor Hinkhouse does well in pointing out, however, that the opinion of the provincial press, as evidenced particularly in the contributed letters which largely took the place of editorial expression, was mainly a reflection of opinion in London. One cannot be sure, accordingly, even after reading the provincial papers, that the majority of intelligent Englishmen outside the capital were greatly concerned about the American controversy as either a political or an economic issue.

The Theater of George Jean Nathan. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. $3.

A slapdash production which nevertheless contains some interesting facts and a series of interesting documents—e.g., letters from O'Neill and Gordon Craig to Nathan; three scenarios of plays projected by Mencken and Nathan; and the text of Nathan's suppressed play "The Eternal Mystery."

Drama

A Folk-Tragedy

"IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM," Mr. Paul Green's "biography of a Negro in seven scenes," aroused in me no great enthusiasm. In spite of the excellent material which it contained it was feeble in construction and I saw no reason for confusing the issue by praising the absence of conventional Broadway technique in a play which was, in itself, no more than merely ineffectual. This same author's latest effort, "The Field God" (Greenwich Village Theater), seems to me, however, to mark an enormous advance, for though it is as far removed as its predecessor from both the subject matter and the method of our popular young playwrights it is, in addition, quite capable of standing firmly upon its own dramatic legs.

Even in the former play there was no mistaking either the author's knowledge or his sincerity. Here, obviously, was no suggestion of that mere vulgarization of a current interest in the Negro which results in such a play as "Lulu Belle," no trace of the clever young playwright condescending to see what could be made out of a picturesque people for the entertainment of jaded spectators. Here instead was the genuine understanding and love of a man who had studied his subject long before he had ever dreamed of using it, and here in consequence was a play which, effective or not, could never be confused with the product of a superficial and purely professional interest in exotic material. Now its author, turning his attention to the white farmer of North Carolina whom he obviously knows no less intimately than the Negro, has produced a play equally genuine and decidedly more mature—one which serves, indeed, definitely to raise him out of the ranks of promising beginners and to make him a man to be watched with more than that dutiful but none too hopeful interest which one bestows upon the man who shows signs of talent usually destined not to be realized.

Evidently the numerous short folk-plays which Mr. Green has written have served him well. The image of a primitive society which he projects upon the stage with an apparently effortless ease has an extraordinary depth and solidity, and the minor characters who create it are all conceived with an incisive yet natural humor. But it is not with this that he stops. The wildly passionate story which he tells of a conflict between a primitively powerful love and the religious fanaticism of a remote community is one which is firmly rooted in the manners and traditions of that community. It is no conventional stage plot foisted upon a certain set of characters but something which grows out of the people and their ways—a genuine folk-tragedy. Richly complicated, it is never confused and its climaxes rise, as those of the former play most conspicuously did not, in a steady crescendo. Many of its scenes, notably that in which the drunken and disappointed lover swaggers before his successful rival and that in which the preacher prays over the agonized skeptic, are boldly conceived with an apparently complete disregard for all the tricks of the trade but with a fresh and thrilling power. The play is unusually well acted, particularly in respect to certain of the minor characters and to that of the hero whom Mr. Fritz Lieber portrays; but it is not upon the production alone that its great effectiveness depends, for "The Field God" is at once skilful and genuine. Other plays of the year have been more ingenious, but I doubt if any other has had more life in it.

Inevitably Mr. Green's work will be compared with that of O'Neill, not only because he has dealt with a theme and a setting somewhat analogous to that of "Desire Under the Elms" but also because there is a certain resemblance arising from the fact that both men dare to use violent scenes and to pitch their climaxes in a very high emotional key. The comparison is not wholly unwarranted, but the difference in the work of the two men will be found, I think, to arise chiefly from the

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fact that Mr. Green is by far the more objective of the two. Among whatever people O'Neill has set his scene he has always been in search of an image of himself. If he has been interested in sailors or farmers or artists it is chiefly because he has seen in their passions something which corresponds to his own; no matter what mask he has assumed self-expression has been his aim. Mr. Green, on the other hand, chooses his people because he was born among them. The subject matter, for and in itself, concerns him most, and he works through sympathy, not through identification. Far more than O'Neill he is a recorder or a historian, and in that fact lies both his strength and his weakness. He knows his people perfectly, knows them better perhaps than O'Neill knows his, but he neither knows himself half so well nor so certainly possesses a self half so well worth the knowing.

At the Garrick Theater the Theater Guild is reviving Milne's charming comedy "Mr. Pim Passes By" in a delightful production graced by Helen Chandler and Laura Hope Crews and marked by an unusually fine piece of acting on the part of Erskine Sanford as Mr. Pim. "Rapid Transit," staged very effectively upon the tiny Provincetown stage, is an ingenious if not always consistent allegory in expressionist form dealing with the adventures of an inhabitant of this world who finds himself in another more advanced one where the inhabitants worship the Great Wheel and have pushed such human follies as war, industrialism, money madness, and speed to limits more extraordinary than ours. "The Comic" (Theater Masque) is a slow-paced and conventional Hungarian farce in which actors who should have known better dawdled plaintively through their parts.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The British Anti-Strike Bill

THE Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Bill has been introduced in Parliament by the Attorney General, with the support of Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Solicitor General, and the Lord Advocate. It is therefore a government measure, and ordinarily such a measure would be certain of passage. The background of the bill was described in an editorial, Trade Unions and the Law, in our issue of March 16. It has aroused a torrent of criticism in England. Labor of course denounces it; the Liberal *Nation* (London) calls it "the most wanton contribution to social discord that any government has made in modern times"; even the Tory *Spectator* says that "the one essential of such a bill, which is clarity, is absent," and fears that it may merely "reunite the scattered factions of the Labor Party." The text printed below is taken from the *Times* (London) for April 5.

A bill to declare and amend the law relating to trade disputes and trade unions, to regulate the position of civil servants and persons employed by public authorities in respect of membership of trade unions and similar organizations, to extend section five of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, and for other purposes connected with the purposes aforesaid.

Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

ILLEGAL STRIKES

1. (1) It is hereby declared that any strike having any object besides the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are engaged is an illegal strike if it is a strike designed or calculated to coerce the government or to intimidate the community, or any substantial portion of the community, and that it is illegal to commence, or continue, or to apply any sums in furtherance or support of any such illegal strike.

For the purposes of the foregoing provision a trade dispute shall not be deemed to be within a trade or industry unless it is a dispute between employers and workmen, or between workmen and workmen, in that trade or industry, which is connected with the employment or non-employment or the terms of the employment, or with the conditions of labor, of persons in that trade or industry.

(2) If any person declares, instigates, furthers, or takes part in a strike declared by this act to be illegal he shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding ten pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months, or on conviction on indictment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years.

(3) The provisions of the Trade Disputes Act, 1906, shall not, nor shall the second proviso to subsection (1) of section two of the Emergency Powers Act, 1920, apply to any act done in contemplation or furtherance of a strike which is by this act declared to be illegal, and any such act shall not be deemed for the purposes of any enactment to be done in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute.

PROTECTION OF PERSONS REFUSING TO TAKE PART IN ILLEGAL STRIKES

2. (1) No person refusing to take part or to continue to take part in any strike which is by this act declared to be illegal, shall be, by reason of such refusal or by reason of any action taken by him under this section, subject to expulsion from any trade union or society, or to any fine or penalty, or to deprivation of any right or benefit to which he would otherwise be entitled, or liable to be placed in any respect either directly or indirectly under any disability or at any disadvantage as compared with other members of the union or society, anything to the contrary in the rules of a trade union or society notwithstanding.

(2) No provisions of the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1917, limiting the proceedings which may be entertained by any court, and nothing in the rules of a trade union or society requiring the reference of disputes to arbitration shall apply to any proceeding for enforcing any right or exemption secured by this section, and in any such proceeding the court may, in lieu of ordering a person who has been expelled from membership of a trade union or society to be restored to membership, order that he be paid out of the funds of the trade union or society such sum by way of compensation or damages as the court thinks just.

(3) As respects any strike before the passing of this act which is declared by this act to have been illegal, this section shall have effect as if it had been in operation when the strike took place.

PREVENTION OF INTIMIDATION, ETC.

3. (1) It is hereby declared that it is unlawful for one or more persons (whether acting on their own behalf or on behalf of a trade union or of an individual employer or firm, and notwithstanding that they may be acting in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute) to attend at or near a house or place where a person resides or works or happens to be, for the purpose of obtaining or communicating information or of persuading or inducing any person to work or to abstain from working, if they so attend in such numbers or otherwise in such manner as to be calculated to intimidate any person in that house or place, or to obstruct the approach thereto or egress therefrom, or to lead to a breach of the peace; and attending at or near any house or place in such numbers or in such manner as is by this subsection declared to be unlawful shall be deemed to be a watching or besetting of that house or place within the meaning of section seven of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875.

(2) In this section the expression "to intimidate" means to cause in the mind of a person a reasonable apprehension of injury to him or to any member of his family or of violence or damage to any person or property, and the expression "injury" includes injury other than physical or material injury, and accordingly the expression "apprehension of injury" includes an apprehension of boycott, or loss of any kind, or of exposure to hatred, ridicule, or contempt.

(3) In section seven of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, the expression "intimidate" shall be construed as having the same meaning as in this section.

(4) Notwithstanding anything in any act it shall not be lawful for one or more persons, for the purpose of inducing any person to work or to abstain from working, to watch or beset a house or place where a person resides or the approach to such a house or place, and any person who acts in contravention of this subsection shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

PROVISIONS AS TO POLITICAL FUND

4. (1) It shall not be lawful to require any member of a trade union to make any contribution to the political fund of a trade union unless before the date upon which the contribution is levied he has delivered at the head office or some branch office of the trade union, notice in writing in the form set out in the first schedule to this act of his willingness to contribute to that fund and has not withdrawn the notice in manner hereinafter provided; and every member of a trade union who has not delivered such notice as aforesaid, or who, having delivered such a notice, has withdrawn it in manner hereinafter provided, shall be deemed for the purposes of the Trade Union Act, 1913, to be a member who is exempt from the obligation to contribute to the

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political fund of the union, and references in that act to a member who is so exempt shall be construed accordingly:

Provided that, if at any time a member of a trade union who has delivered such a notice as aforesaid gives notice of withdrawal thereof, delivered at the head office or at any branch office of the trade union, he shall be deemed for the purposes of this subsection to have withdrawn the notice as from the first day of January next after the delivery of the notice of withdrawal.

For the purposes of this subsection a notice shall be deemed to have been delivered at the head or a branch office of a trade union if it has been sent by post properly addressed to that office.

(2) All contributions to the political fund of a trade union from members of the trade union who are liable to contribute to that fund shall be levied and made separately from any contributions to the other funds of the trade union and no assets of the trade union, other than the amount raised by such a separate levy as aforesaid, shall be carried to that fund or directly or indirectly applied or charged in furtherance of any political object to which section three of the Trade Union Act, 1913, applies; and any charge in contravention of this subsection shall be void.

(3) All rules of a trade union made and approved in accordance with the requirements of section three of the Trade Union Act, 1913, shall be amended so as to conform to the requirements of this act, and as so amended shall be approved by the Registrar of Friendly Societies (in this act referred to as "the Registrar") within six months after the commencement of this act or within such further time as the Registrar may in special circumstances allow, and if the rules of any trade union are not so amended and approved as aforesaid they shall be deemed not to comply with the requirements of the said section.

(4) If the Registrar is satisfied, and certifies that rules for the purpose of complying with the provisions of the foregoing subsection have been approved by a majority of the members of a trade union voting for the purpose or by a majority of delegates of such a trade union voting at a meeting called for the purpose, the Registrar may approve those rules and those rules shall thereupon have effect as rules of the union notwithstanding that the provisions of the rules of the union as to the alteration of rules or the making of new rules have not been complied with.

(5) Section sixteen of the Trade Union Act, 1871 (which provides for the transmission to the Registrar of annual returns by registered trade unions), shall apply to every unregistered trade union so far as respects the receipts, funds, effects, expenditure, assets, and liabilities of the political fund thereof.

REGULATIONS AS TO ORGANIZATIONS OF WHICH ESTABLISHED CIVIL SERVANTS MAY BE MEMBERS

5. (1) Among the regulations as to the conditions of service in his Majesty's civil establishments there shall be included regulations prohibiting established civil servants from being members, delegates, or representatives of any organization of which the primary object is to influence or affect the remuneration and conditions of employment of its members, unless the organization is an organization of which the membership is confined to persons employed by or under the Crown and is an organization which complies with such provisions as may be contained in the regulations for securing that it is in all respects independent of, and not affiliated to any such organization as aforesaid the membership of which is not confined to persons employed by or under the Crown or any federation comprising such organizations, that its objects do not include political objects, and that it is not associated directly or indirectly with any political party or organization:

Provided that the regulations made in compliance with the provisions of this section shall not prevent:

(a) an established civil servant from remaining a member of any trade union or organization of which he had, at the commencement of this act, been a member for more than six months if under the rules thereof he is or may become entitled to any payment during incapacity, or by way

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of superannuation, or on the death of himself or his wife, or as provision for his children; or

(*b*) a person who in addition to being an established civil servant is, apart from his service as such, also engaged in some other employment or occupation from being any member, delegate, or representative of a trade union or organization, of which the primary object is to influence or affect the remuneration or conditions of employment of persons engaged in that employment or occupation.

(2) If any established civil servant knowingly contravenes any of the provisions of the said regulations he shall be disqualified for continuing to be a member of the civil service.

(3) In this section the expression "established civil servant" means a person serving in an established capacity in the permanent service of the Crown, and includes any person who, having been granted a certificate by the Civil Service Commissioners, is serving a probationary period preliminary to establishment.

PROVISIONS AS TO PERSONS EMPLOYED BY LOCAL AND OTHER PUBLIC AUTHORITIES

6 (1) It shall not be lawful for any local or other public authority to make it a condition of the employment or continuance in employment of any person that he shall or shall not be a member of a trade union, or to impose any condition upon persons employed by the authority whereby employees who are or who are not members of a trade union are liable to be placed in any respect either directly or indirectly under any disability or disadvantage as compared with other employees, and any condition imposed in contravention of this section shall be void.

(2) There shall be added to section five of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, the following provision, that is to say:

"If any person employed by a local or other public authority wilfully breaks a contract of service with that authority, knowing or having reasonable cause to believe that the probable consequence of his so doing, either alone or in combination with others, will be to hinder or prevent the discharge of the functions of the authority, he shall be liable, on summary conviction, to a fine not exceeding ten pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months."

RESTRAINT OF APPLICATION OF FUNDS OF TRADE UNIONS, ETC., IN CONTRAVENTION OF ACT

7. Without prejudice to the right of any person having a sufficient interest in the relief sought to sue or apply for an injunction to restrain any application of the funds of a trade union in contravention of the provisions of this act, such an injunction may be granted at the suit or upon the application of the Attorney General.

In the application of this section to Scotland there shall be substituted therein for references to an injunction references to an interdict, and for the reference to the Attorney General a reference to the Lord Advocate.

SHORT TITLE, CONSTRUCTION, INTERPRETATION, EXTENT, AND REPEAL

8. (1) This act may be cited as the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Act, 1927, and shall be construed as one with the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1917, and this act and the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1917, may be cited together as the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1927.

(2) In this act the expression "strike" means the cessation of work by a body of persons employed acting in combination, or a concerted refusal, or a refusal under a common understanding of any number of persons who are, or have been employed, to continue to work or to accept employment.

(3) This act shall not extend to Northern Ireland.

(4) The enactments mentioned in the second schedule to this act are hereby repealed to the extent specified in the third column of that schedule.

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